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SOUVENIR PORTFOLIO

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Thorne Hall
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, OWNER

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This special edition is designed to give you an enjoyable but comprehensive understanding of THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT. The portfolio contains area stories, penetrating profiles of outstanding and representative personalities, plus a complete section on houses of distinction. In addition, there is a pictorial story of Hearst's fabulous San Simeon castle and a unique treatment of a Lyrical Journey to Big Sur.

The edition is based on the 1956's *Holiday Album and Autumn Album, which were regular editions of the Spectator-Journal. These two issues sold out, leaving a tremendous demand unfilled. Rather than reprint them as separate issues, we have combined major portions relating to this area to form a journalistic essay on the Land of Enchantment.*

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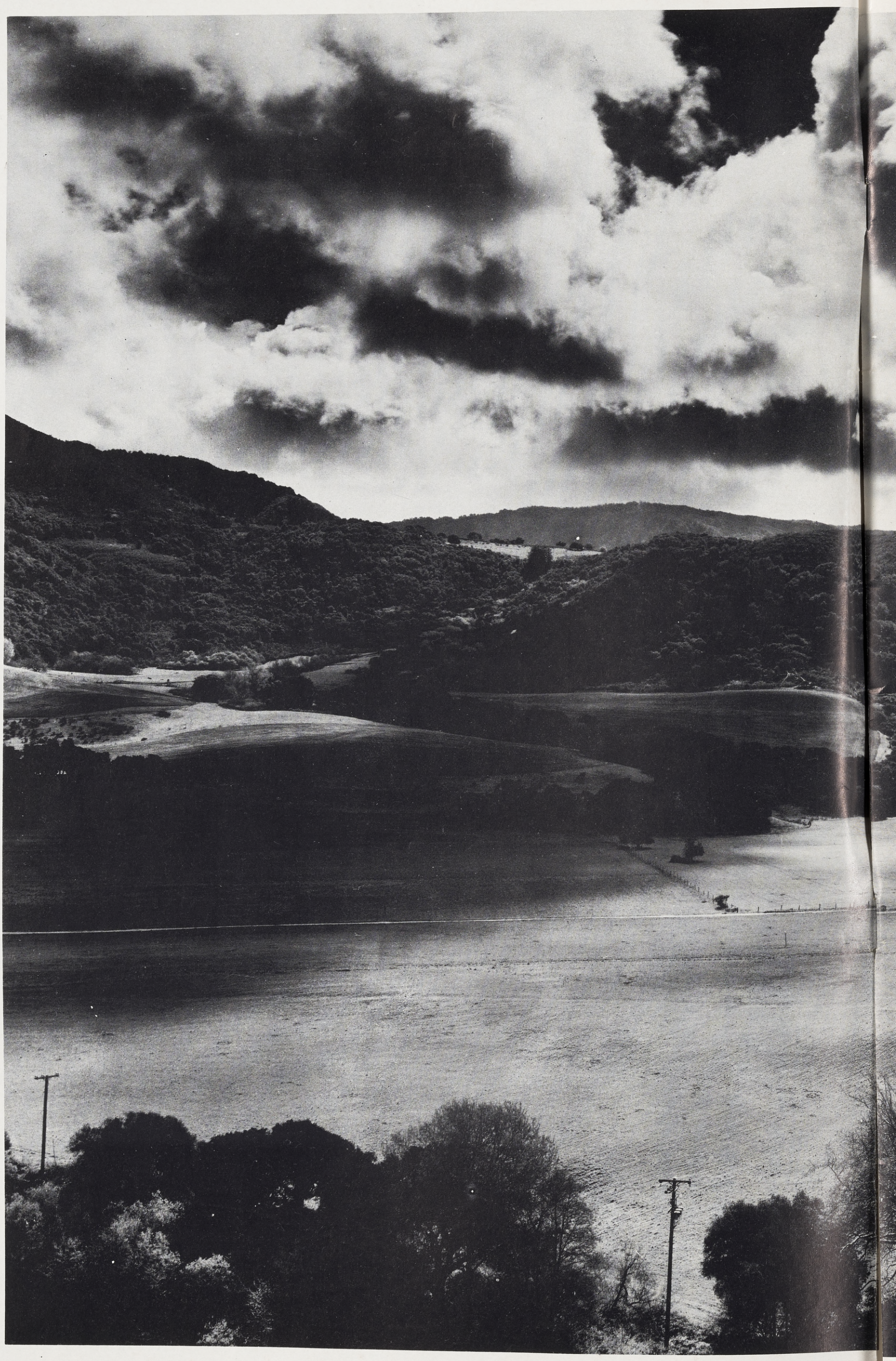


CARMEL VALLEY

by Brett Weston.

POINT LOBOS by Edward Weston.

OCEAN AVENUE at Monte Verde. Photo by Wynn Bullock

THIS IS CARMEL

In 1922, Perry Newberry, artist and writer, ran for the Carmel Board of Trustees on an Art Ticket.

He posted this "Platform" on the town bulletin baord:

DON'T VOTE FOR PERRY NEWBERRY
If you hope to see Carmel become a city . . .
If you desire its commercial success . . .
If concrete pavements represent your civic ambitions . . .
If you think a glass factory is of greater value than a sand dune, or a millionaire than an artist, or a mansion than a little brown cottage . . .

Carmel, in those days a village of 1,000 souls, elected Newberry. He immediately proposed that toll gates be put up to keep out the tourists.

Newberry lasted two years.

Today, 31 years after his Art Ticket's defeat, with Carmel a decidedly commercial city, swollen to a population of an estimated 5,500 within its corporate limits, with more true millionaires than true artists strolling on and driving over its many concrete pavements, with more mansions than little brown cottages, Carmel still likes to think of itself as the unique village it once tried so hard to be.

Like the proverbial ostrich, its head buried deeply in the shifting sands of time, Carmel has sought protection from progress by refusing to recognize its inevitability.

The changes came, however, welcomed by many and deplored by some. But despite the changes, Carmel has remained unique in many ways. This uniqueness is, of course, encouraged by residents and tourist-trappers alike, though for different reasons. Part of it is phony. Some of it is surprisingly sincere.

What is Carmel today?

It's a potpourri of paradoxes.

A tourist town that largely disdains—even dislikes—tourists.

An art colony of famous names that has produced few new artists.

A summer resort with five bars and no cabaret entertainment.

A hard-drinking party town that looks dead and deserted at 10:30 P.M.

A community meticulously regimented to maintain its individuality.

A shopping center for a large semi-urban area that has only two chain stores and whose actual residents often go to other towns to shop.

A town where retired generals and effete aesthetes, club

THIS IS CARMEL

women and nature boys in blue jeans, merchants and amateur thespians, may meet on equal terms and, sometimes, even enjoy each other's company.

A highly commercialized community where few folks have an angle.

A town willing to spend a third of its budget on a police force, yet where almost nobody—and sometimes not even a few forgetful businessmen—lock their doors at night.

A desirable location for the independently wealthy, the independently poor and the just plain independent.

A Republican town that prides itself on its liberalism.

———

Carmel's idiosyncracies are, of course, a result of its unusual history.

Before the turn of the century, it was hilly forest leading down to the sea, culminating in a sickle-shaped beach of unbelievably white sand. The beauty of this beach provoked Surveyor David Starr Jordan, later first president of Stanford University, to write an article about it for Scribner's Magazine in 1885, and to buy land and build here. He was among the first.

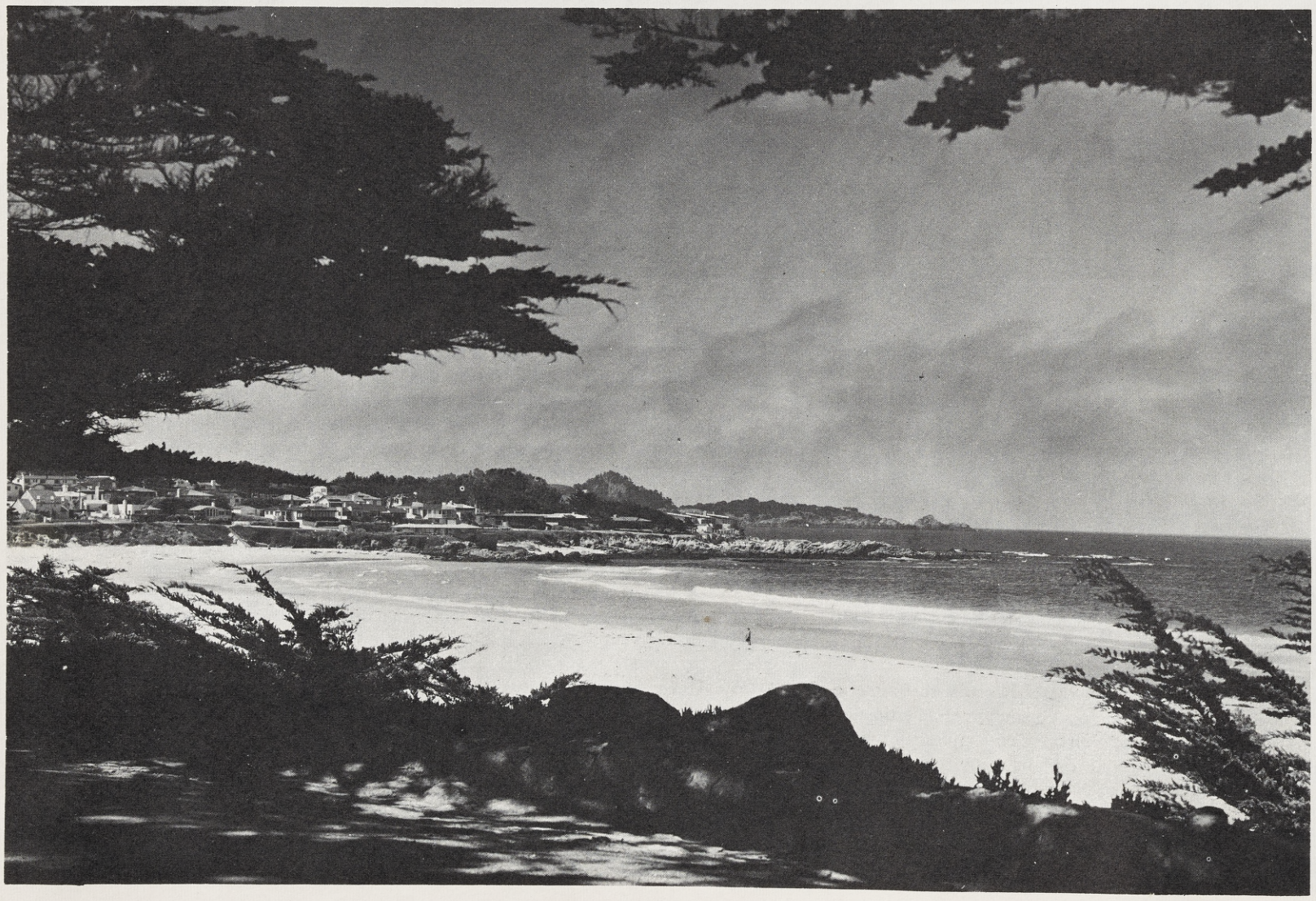
As the years passed, more cabins arose in the gently sloping forests. And, in 1900, the Carmel Development Company, headed by Frank Powers and J. F. Devendorf, began to subdivide the land.

Property was cheap. Living on it was cheap too. There were no Joneses to keep up with. While no agricultural profit could be made from the land, it was an ideal place for artists and writers to pursue their crafts. It was also an ideal place to just sit and enjoy the scenery.

By 1908 there were 300 inhabitants, and a two-horse stage connected Carmel with sleepy Monterey. Carmel was incorporated in 1916, but still there was nothing to do except to sit, eat, sleep, paint, write and talk about it all. By 1922, the town had grown to 1,000 and become intensely aware of its character, so different from that of other American communities which expressed the young country's vitality in almost frantic productivity. In Carmel,

CROSSROADS of Carmel is the corner of Ocean and Dolores.

SCENIC DRIVE. Photo by Wynn Bullock



materialism was a conversation piece.

In the years that followed, considered by many to be Carmel's golden age, the town became the home, playground or workshop of many writers and artists, already famous or destined to become famous later. Intellectuals clustered all over the place. Little theaters flourished. People like Robinson Jeffers, Lincoln Steffens, George Sterling, William Kitschel, Anne Fisher, Martin Flavin and Will Irwin were at their creative height, and their spirit rubbed off on fellow residents.

Upton Sinclair, William Rose Benet, Sinclair Lewis and Mary Austin had lived here in the early days.

A count in 1929 revealed that over 200 writers, each with at least one published book to his credit, lived then or had lived in Carmel.

It was only natural that Carmel's fame should spread, and that people from all over the country should become interested in this pine tree community without sidewalks, streetlights and house numbers, where every second joker you bumped into was famous, or at least notorious.

Carmel's name was further spread by such incidents as the historic hunt for Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson who waded into the surf at Santa Monica in the 30's, promising to return from the sea in six days. It was reported a couple of days later that she had been seen in Carmel, in the company of a friend, and a score of the country's top newspaper reporters descended on the town. If, however, Aimee was in Carmel at the time, no one gave her away in her seclusion—a fitting testimonial to Carmel's spirit of the day—and she showed up a few days later in Agua Prieta, Mexico, claiming loudly that she had been kidnapped.

By 1940, census takers counted 2,837 citizens within the village limits of Carmel. A good many of these were middle-aged and older, retired people attracted by the scenic splendor of the area, its equable climate, its leisurely mode of life, its many cultural events.

Carmel, then, was really Carmel: it was contained on the seven-eighth of an acre within its city limits, complete unto itself. The early 40's were the last years in which this was true. As soon as the war was over, Carmel outgrew its boundaries, life became more complex, its relationships with other communities on the Peninsula assumed increasing importance in its life.

But before Pearl Harbor, and for a short time after it, Carmel life held a magic intimacy. The Post Office then was in the building which now houses the Carmel Realty Company, and—with no mail delivery to homes within the village—the Post Office was the community center. Everybody came personally to call for his mail. By their box numbers, the saying went, ye shall know them.

People congregated at the Post Office to talk, and as they came and went they stopped at the community bulletin board. Everybody used this board. Everybody read the notices on it. It was the community's true newspaper, more significant and personal than any paper could be. It was the most effective want-ad section.

Telephone service was equally intimate. There was no dial system. Service, though frequently lousy, was extremely effective. If you didn't know somebody's number, you just told the operator the name of the party, and if you didn't know the address, it didn't matter, because she usually knew it.

In the old days, too, dogs were honored residents, and everybody knew everybody else's dog. There was one dog, in fact, who was everybody's dog. His name was Pal. He was the town's dog, fed by everyone, allowed to roam at will. Pal spent part of each day being spoiled by the youngsters at Sunset School, then made his rounds of the shopkeepers. He was buried with civic honors at the Forest Theater.

These somewhat disconnected examples of Carmel life in the old days have significance in the light of Carmel's character of today.

There is still no mail delivery within the village limits, but the Post Office has lost part of its community center function because at least half of Carmel lives outside of Carmel where there is rural route delivery.

By the same token, the billboard until recently between the Carmel Realty and the Village Corner is still in existence, though now moved across the street and rarely used. Nowadays only tourists seem to look at it, taking pleasure in it as one of Carmel's quaint oddities, and it would appear that those who post their notices on the benighted board are prompted to do so largely by nostalgia.

The attitude toward dogs has also changed. Today's dog lover in Carmel seems to abhor all dogs but his own. The police switchboard is flooded with complaints about barking dogs, and a couple of years ago Carmel's City fathers, with an uncanny misunderstanding of biological processes, moved to hold dog owners responsible if their pets show an inclination for using sidewalks or trees or fire hydrants on public property.

Despite peculiar civic actions, such as this, Carmel today is more virile than it was 15 years ago. It was a young man's town in the 20's and early 30's, in the late 30's and early 40's, it was a town of older people and greatly influenced by the retired mind.

Carmel is still popular with the retired and aged, and there are 37 doctors, dentists and optometrists maintaining offices in the village to take care of them—a stupendous number compared with national averages—but, overall, the village is becoming younger again.

A new crop of outsiders came to Carmel after peace was made; young couples, young businessmen, many of whom had discovered Carmel on pass during their military service. And Carmel is naturally popular with the officers (and their families) attending the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School and the Army Language School in Monterey.

Carmel's population in 1943, according to an estimate by British-born, capable and conscientious former City Clerk Peter Mawdsley, was over 4,000, including transients. The assessed valuation of the city was then $5,513,180. The unincorporated area was ranch land. There were but few homes scattered here and there outside the corporate limits.

With the postwar years came phenomenal growth. The estimated population for the spring of 1956 was 5,600 for the corporate area alone, up 100 from last summer, with another 6,500 or so living in unincorporated Carmel which was nonexistent but a few years ago.

The latest assessed valuation for the village was $11,868,055 in early 1954, but Mawdsley figures it's now over 12 million dollars. Carmel Woods, Hatton Fields and Mission Tract, which is growing rapidly, have an assessed valuation close to 8 million, and Pebble Beach, the Carmel River Bottom, lower Carmel Valley, and the Highlands have an additional assessed valuation of over 5 million. The valuation of the school district, which roughly comprises all these areas, is in excess of $26,130,000.

It is almost impossible today to think of Carmel without considering these areas. Life between them is intertwined. The sanitary district extends beyond the corporate limits. The unified school district covers a large area, and three of the district's four schools are actually outside the village boundaries.

With young couples settling in and around the village, building their homes and producing offspring, Carmel is rapidly becoming a town of children, something it never was before. Mawdsley remembers when his first son, born in 1922, was the only baby in Carmel. The district's enrollment as of October 1955 was 1,081, according to Superintendent Stuart Mitchell. October 1954 it was 974. It is estimated that half of the children come from homes inside the village limits, the others from the unincorporated areas.

An accurate count of the population in unincorporated Carmel is impossible at this time. The Pacific Gas & Electric Company has no breakdown for customers in the various suburban areas, though it counts over 2,700 customers within the village limits. The Pacific Telegraph and Telephone Co. lumps all the Carmel exchange together—there are 6,356, about 400 more than a year ago — and can only hazard a guess that about half of them are in the city proper. Of the phones, 4,786 are residential, 1,570 business.

There is little indication that Carmel proper, whose boundary lines are still the original ones of 1916, will annex any outlying area in the near future.

The outlying areas have made no definite proposal to join Carmel. There has been no application for annexation so far, and a good deal of talk against it, both inside and outside the city. In Carmel's Council no one has yet gone on record for annexation.

Carmel Unincorporated, of course, has considered the possibility of annexation, but so far the drawbacks of such a step have outweighed its advantages. Unless there is a bad fire, the outsiders feel they are better off.

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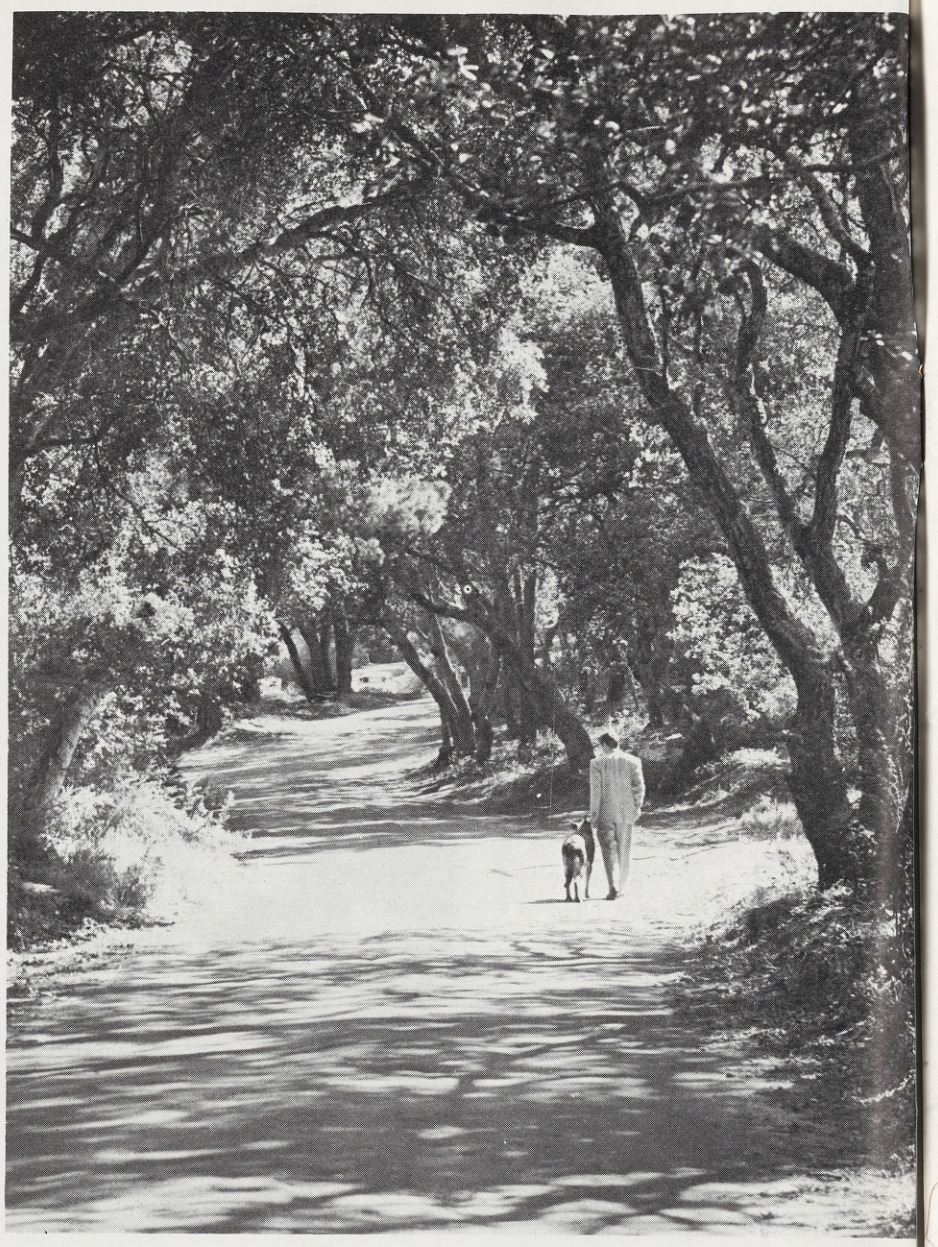
HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRARY was built in tile-roof Spanish style popular on the Peninsula in the 1920's.



JUNIPERO STREET. Photo by Steve Crouch

A CARMEL COTTAGE. Photo by Wynn Bullock

ROBINSON JEFFERS' Tor House. Photo by Marge Cain

THIS IS CARMEL

(Continued from preceding page)

Taxes in the unincorporated area range from $3.74 to $4.40 per $100 assessed valuation, while in corporate Carmel taxes total $4.83. Outsiders, who can today build homes in a wide range of styles and materials, would further be bedeviled by many building restrictions which, had they been in effect in Carmel's old days, would have prohibited erection of a good third of the structures standing in Carmel today.

The unincorporated areas theoretically suffer from lack of police protection—a sheriff's patrol car comes by about three to five times a day—but there is no crime. The unincorporated areas, however, are dependent on the Carmel Hill Station of the State Department of Forestry fire service, and it's a long way from there to south of the town or part-way up the valley.

The present trend indicates a stacking of interlocking governmental bodies taking over the functions normally exercised by a city. Sanitary and school districts are superimposed, covering varying areas, and an eventual recreation district would pose the same problem.

Incorporation is definitely an issue.

The cultural life as well as the business life of many residents of unincorporated Carmel revolves around the village.

Everyone, sooner or later, comes to Carmel from surrounding areas if for no other reasons than to sit on the beach, go to the movies, listen to a concert at Sunset auditorium, perhaps attend the Bach Festival, go shopping, look at the paintings in the town's three art galleries or attend one of the amateur productions at the outdoor Forest Theater or the new theater-in-the-round at the Golden Bough Playhouse.

Art galleries and amateur theaters are, of course, strongly in the Carmel tradition.

Herbert Heron, later mayor of Carmel for two separate terms, founded the Forest Theater in 1908, and started the Carmel Shakespeare Festival in 1926. He again revived it last summer after several years' pause. Edward Kuster, a lawyer from Los Angeles, quit his practice in 1919 when he was 43 and designed

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MODERN CARMEL POINT HOME.
Photo by Wynn Bullock

and built the Golden Bough Playhouse. Kuster subsequently studied direction with Max Reinhardt in Germany, made the playhouse here world famous.

The first Golden Bough theater, eventually the first theater in the country to show movies in the "art theater" way, (coffee instead of popcorn), burned down in 1935. Kuster then bought the original Arts and Crafts Theater, founded by Perry Newberry and Alfred Burton years before, from the so-called "Abalone League," and turned it into the second Golden Bough Theater. It also burned down, in 1949. A production of Siefried Geyer's "By Candlelight" had preceded both fires.

The quality of today's local amateur productions may be below the standards of Carmel's golden age, as some old-timers claim, But, in recent months, the Golden Bough Players under the direction of Lee Crowe and Charles Thomas have achieved thespian competence beyond the range of most amateur theaters, and it's doubtful that local theater was ever better than it is at the Golden Bough today. Other amateur groups, occasionally springing up in the village, are a different story. Most flop immediately. A notable exception is the Forest Theater Workshop, a fairly new group that is trying not commercial but experimental theater and may turn out to be a good school for amateur actors in this area.

Outsiders, possossed of experienced critical discrimination, are occasionally appalled at what sometimes passes for art or theater in Carmel, a community of no mean cultural pretension where they expect to find consistently professional standards. Fact of the matter is that Carmel, though blessed with much talent, is also cursed with much mediocrity.

This mediocrity is encouraged by Carmel's peculiar capacity for transcending the big fish in the little pond routine. It has the trick mirror talent of making a tadpole appear a whale, and, as a result failures from elsewhere, not just the little stuff, sometimes succeed in somehow cornering big local reputations.

Despite its generous quota of artistic phonies and/or mediocrities, however, Carmel may boast without fear of contradiction that it has more successful creative talent per square foot than any other small town in the country.

Carmel and its immediate environs are the home of Poet Robinson Jeffers, Painters Patricia Cunningham, Leslie Emery, Armin Hansen, Linford Donovan; Sculptor Clancy Bates; Cartoonists Eldon Dedini, Bill O'Malley, Vaughn Shoemaker, Hank Ketcham, Jimmy Hatlo; Authors Ernest K. Gann, Howard Rigsby; Photographers Edward and Brett Weston; Architects Jon Konigshofer and Mark Mills, and many other nationally known "names" in the arts and crafts. Bing Crosby and Greer Garson have homes on Pebble Beach, spend part of the year on the Peninsula, are often seen on the streets of Carmel.

In addition to the accomplished, of course, Carmel teems with young talent in the arts. But there is little future for the promising youngsters here. Many of them—the weaker—are condemned to squander their talents on the temptress of artistic conversation. They stay, and eventually become Carmel characters.

The stronger often leave after a period of disillusioning apprenticeship. They find that, at this time at least, Carmel is a fine place for the already successful, but a place that's almost impossible to become successful in.

It would not take much to make Carmel a true are center. An annual art festival, open to outsiders as well as local artists, might do the trick, offering as it would to the young an opportunity to vend their products on a free market place of taste that would attract art lovers from all over the nation.

The presence of the famed is, to some extent, one of the tourist attractions Carmel has to offer in addition to quaint cottages, specialty shops and a cypress-studded water front.

Carmel people manage to act quite blase about their celebrities, including visiting movie stars, but take every opportunity to point out people in the limelight to visiting firemen.

Carmel frowns on the tourist, yet makes a good share of its living from him. Some store owners admit that 50 percent or more of their sales are to visitors, and if that is the case, it is also an economic fact that without tourist money coming in many of their other sales—to local people—could not take place.

It is not easy to be a shopkeeper in Carmel. To cater to the tourist a merchant feels he has to carry unique merchandise. As long as there are only a few shops, that's fine, but with as many shops as exist in Carmel today, many merchants find competitors carrying the very same merchandise they thought they purchased as unique.

The competition in some fields is terrific as indicated by the number of business licenses listed by Larry Rose, Carmel's young and energetic recently elected City Clerk.

There are 47 apparel shops, 33 gift shops, 28 arts and crafts establishments that do retail selling. There are 46 hotels, inns and lodges; 30 restaurants.

There are also 14 businesses handling horticultural supplies and services; seven shops selling jewelry, silver and clocks; six shops selling sporting goods, pets and toys. (There is, incidentally, also one fortune teller.)

Shopkeepers complain today that the tourist is not spending as much as they used to. Some say that the average tourist, in the late 40's, spent around $8 each sale and that today the average tourist only buys 85 cents worth.

This may be so—an indication of the times—but there is little to substantiate these figures in the sales tax returns which cover all retail sales except food and gasoline. These returns, according to the City Clerk's office, show a steady increase since they went into effect in the December quarter of 1951.

As indicated by sales tax returns, the total net taxable sales in Carmel in the fiscal year 1954-1955 were $9,335,502 as compared to $8,756,904 in the previous fiscal year, a 6.5% increase.

The September quarter of 1955, the quarter that reflects tourist trade more than any other period of the year, showed up for taxable sales of around $3,000,000 which was about $400,000 higher than in 1954.

But this is a long way short of what tourists really spent in Carmel since accommodations are not part of the retail tax picture, and food and gasoline aren't either, and yet these are the items that tourists spend most money on.

The high sales tax return brought the city $10 tax per capita in 1952, compared to $4 per capita State average. Mawdsley figures that five sixths of the tax comes from the pockets of outsiders, only one sixth from local residents.

Its high tax income enables Carmel to spend a good deal of municipal money. In the year ending in June 1953, for instance, Carmel spent $82,051.66 on road improvements. This expenditure, of course, included gas tax money from the State.

Indicative of the amount of local activity is also the Post Office volume. Postmaster Fred Mylar announced that gross receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1955, were $169,887.48.

The surprising thing about Carmel's Post Office gross is that nearly $70,000 of it was clear profit, amazing in view of the fact that nationally the Post Office Department shows a deficit.

The local Post Office, almost bursting at the seams, feels that some day it may have to violate the time-honored Carmel custom of no postmen. It may start delivering mail in the business district.

That Carmel people, or at last some Carmel people, have plenty of money to spend is obvious. Their standard of living is generally high; the average cost of a home in Carmel is $20,000.

Foreign travel is an indicative luxury item. The travel agencies of Margaret Peasley and Phinney-McGinnis report that in 1954 and the first part of 1955 they have arranged trips to Europe for 208 Carmel people, trips to Latin America (including Mexico) for 87, trips to the Far East for 33, trips to Hawaii for 162, trips to Alaska for 37 and trips around the world for 14.

In 14 months that's 541 people going to faraway places; figuring the overall Carmel population at about 12,000 that means, on a year's average, one out of 28 residents going abroad. If this average applied to the whole country, it would mean that nearly 6,000,000 Americans went abroad in 1954, paying their own way, which wasn't so.

Carmel can still be a cheap place to live. Although real estate began to skyrocket after the war—a 2-bedroom house on Casanova sold for $4,000 in 1945, $8,500 in 1946 and $14,000 just a year later—some cottages are still available for very low rent, say around $50 a month—although most rentals run in the $100 bracket.

With everything concentrated in a small area, there are no transportation costs. And dress is unimportant. When a guy is too broke to buy a new suit, he simply becomes a character. All this makes Carmel very attractive for people who like to take it easy, make a minimum of money and still live the good life.

Most Carmel homes, built on 40 by 100 lots, are two bedroom and two baths. The late Hugh Comstock had the biggest influence on local architecture. His is the famed Carmel cottage. He designed the Tuck Box on Dolores Street, but that was before the war. After the war, he went in for post-adobe which became especially popular in the outlying districts where there was still room to build.

Architectural standards in Carmel are hard to define. The planning commission okays houses that look like they belong in Carmel. The best way, architects found, to get a modern building

CARMEL'S HISTORIC MISSION. Photo by Wynn Bullock

through was to dress up their rendering with knickknacks.

Finicky Floyd Adams, the village's building inspector, okayed permits for 30 new homes and three residential buildings in 1954. He also okayed 90 remodeling jobs on homes, 18 on commercial buildings. Building expenditure in the village in 1954 totaled $770,765.

Back in 1908, when Heron first came to town, lots in Carmel sold for $150. Lots today go for at least $3,500, and the last waterfront lot sold for about $9,000. There are just a couple of waterfront lots left now.

Heron, in the early days, had the chance to buy the southeast corner of Ocean and San Carlos, where the Standard Oil Station is, for $1,000. He passed it up. Today, the corner is valued in excess of $100,000.

The valuable downtown property, where rents range from $100 to $450 for offices and stores depending on location, size and friendship, is owned by a few families.

The largest real estate holdings belong to the decendants of Tom Doud, wealthy Monterey cattle rancher; Mary Goold, descendant of the old Carmel Mission Machado family and widow of Charles Goold, one-time councilman and livery stable operator; the Mary Dummage estate, and members of the Leidig family, Robert and Fred.

Corum Jackson, 59, jovial community big wheel and prime mover in matters civic and business, has been in the real estate business in Carmel for 18 years. He feels that the Carmel business district will keep on developing but that the mode of life in Carmel will remain the same.

"Of course," he says, "They'll gradually sneak in a street light here and there. The trouble is that everybody comes here because they like it the way it is, and once they've settled down they want to make changes."

Carmel, Corum Jackson thinks, can keep on doing fine and even better, without radical changes. Like other far-sighted businessmen, he believes that the Carmel area, as the whole Peninsula, will some day be the bedroom for executives and white collar workers from the industrial area that will develop in all probability around Moss Landing.

"Even if the fish come back," says Jackson, "the fishing fleet won't come back to Monterey. It will go to Moss Landing."

That's why, Jackson says, the Monterey Peninsula Convention Bureau is hot stuff. The bureau has booked 15 conventions for this year and next. Figuring on a 300-person average with each convention visitor staying three days and spending $25 a day (the national average is $27), this will bring $337,500 in new money to the Peninsula.

Says Jackson:

"Economists figure that new money brings 20 times its amount in turn-over. Figuring it conservatively—only 10 times—this meant $3,375,000 new spending power.

"You can figure that a fifth of this will rub off on Carmel."

Carmel, which is not participating in the convention bureau, is, therefore, apt to benefit in spite of itself.

One thing that may stop Carmel's benefit from anything is

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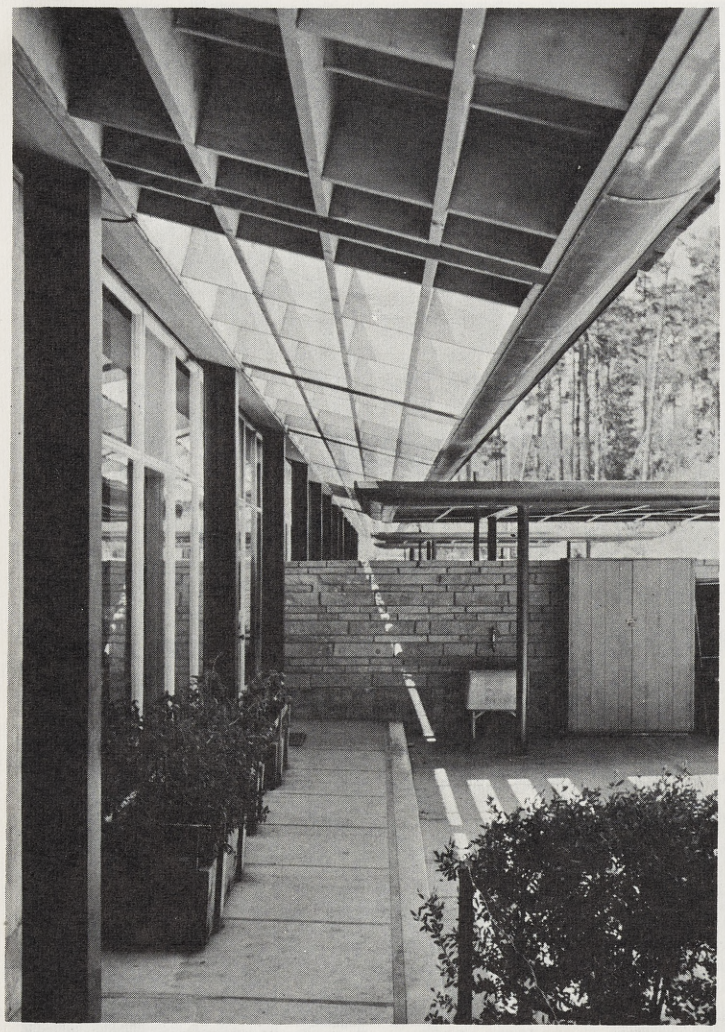
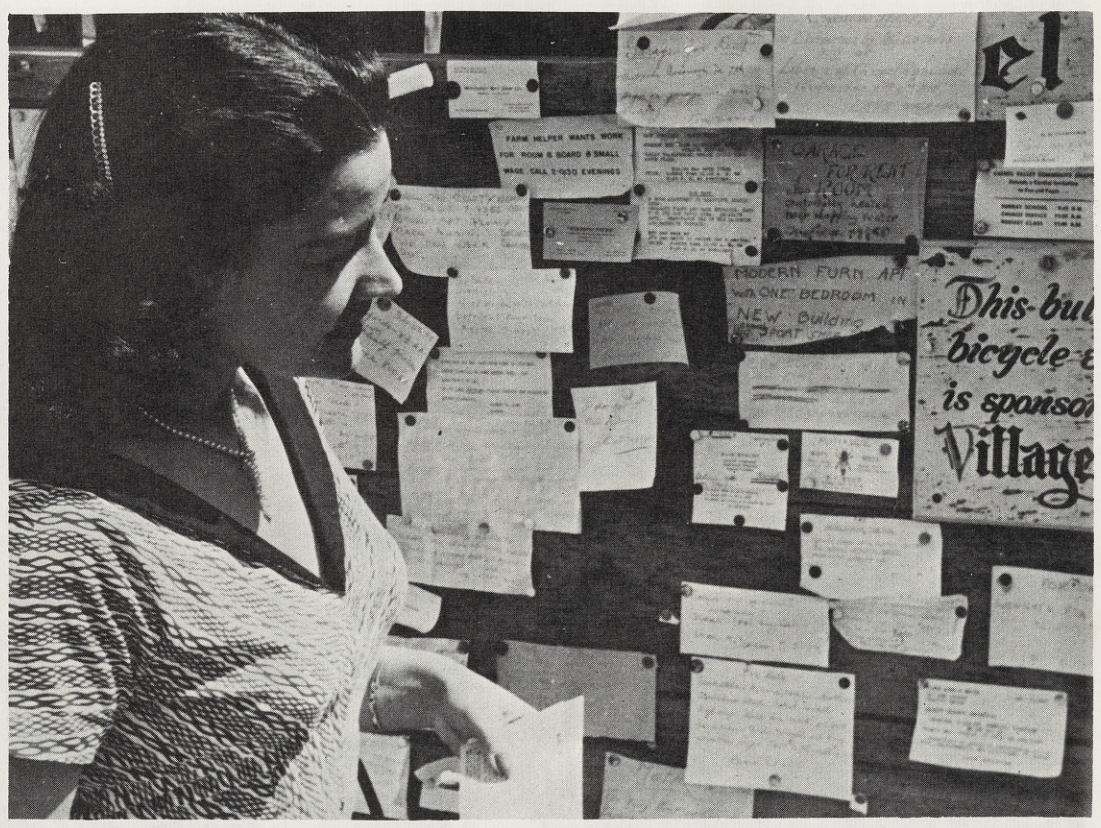


CARMEL WOODS School.



CARMEL'S popular Bulletin-board.

THIS IS CARMEL

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the parking problem. With little room to park in the business district and the ever-present threat of a ticket, generously dispensed by the Carmel Police Department, visitors are increasingly discouraged from shopping here.

If the parking problem is not solved, and it is not solved by ticketing shoppers and tourists, the time may come—and sooner than most would think—when shopping centers will mushroom outside the village limits, say at the mouth of Carmel Valley near the booming Mission Tract, and draw a good deal of business away from Carmel.

Someday, as the Peninsula grows in population, there will be such shopping centers, but Carmel can remain in a competitive situation if it finds a solution to the congestion problem.

A partial solution could be a project that has now been in the air for about a year: to build a shopping center on an acre-and-a-half site on the southwest corner of Ocean and Junipero. This center would offer parking facilities for an estimated 120 shoppers, according to the first tentative plans.

Most of the property is owned by Mrs. Leslie Fenton. The San Carlos Canning Company has about a third of land involved, and unless the Fentons, who are interested in building the shopping center, can get together with the other property owners the project will inevitably fall through.

Another shopping center is now under construction on Junipero near Sixth Street.

But, even if this project and other projects along similar lines should succeed in Carmel, a retail business district alone—no matter how successful—does not make for a community of vitality and progress.

Although Carmel is an ideal place for youngsters to grow up, opportunities for them, once they reach maturity, are extremely limited. Most kids leave after graduation from high school to invest their energy and talents elsewhere.

The eventual consequence of such an exodus of youth are obvious.

Despite such drawbacks, the leisurely pace of Carmel life as it is lived today offers a unique experience in our hurried world, an experience from which many people are willing to trade the practical expediences that make for the super-efficient existence of the mid-20th century. ***

SUNSET SCHOOL.

CHURCH OF THE WAYFARER

THIS IS BIG SUR

There are men who love mountains. There are men who love the sea. There are some men who love both, separately, which is easy, and some men who love both, together, which is something that they cannot help and which is difficult because loving both together is like living through a terrible affair of passion where two people love each other much and fight each other much but cannot let each other go.

Such is the union at Big Sur.

There, south of Carmel, the mountains have wed the sea.

The Big Sur River, Sur meaning south and big meaning big, spills into the Pacific Ocean about 20 miles south of Carmel. Both Big and Sur are comparative terms. The Spanish originally called it Rio Grande Del Sur because it was termed big presumably because it was bigger than the usually quite narrow Little Sur which empties 16 miles south of Carmel and which the Spanish called Rio Chiquito.

It is from these rivers that the surrounding country got its name. It's an elastic name. On maps Big Sur is merely the community around Pfeiffer State Park. But common usage has the Big Sur country stretching from the mouth of the Little Sur River down to Slate's Hot Springs, 15 miles south of the park, and as far on either side of the road as roads or trails or your tired feet will carry you. Some people even figure that the Big Sur country starts up around Palo Colorado, a lush redwood jungle canyon 11 miles south of the Peninsula where Rufus the Mountain Lion Killer even today hunts the big cats with a .22 rifle. And they figure it stretches right on down the coast to Lucia Lodge, fully 51 miles south of Carmel.

This elasticity does not matter. Lililan Bos Ross, a novelist ("The Stranger" and "Blaze Allen" both best sellers about the Big Sur country) who herself lives in the heart of the Sur, once wrote that the Big Sur is not so much a country as a state of mind.

Along this overwhelming coast and on the up-to 6,000-foot high Santa Lucia Mountains that rise steeply from it, and in the narrow canyons that cut inland between these mountains, there live altogether perhaps between 200 and 300 people.

Electricity came to the Big Sur only five years ago, and today the Pacific Gas & Electric Company counts 121 customers between Palo Colorado and the Hot Springs where their lines dead-end. There are a dozen telephones in the area, mostly pay phones and official phones in the park as well as some at some of the hostelries, but it's all toll service straight into the Monterey exchange. D. D. Muir, regional manager for the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, has engineers down there now surveying and he says chances are good that the Sur will get its own dial office in the near future.

Thus civilization is now coming to the Big Sur in a big rush, as it has come to most of America's primitive areas, and if progress is what you are looking for, you can marvel at the fact that just 25 years ago it took a man with two good horses and a light spring wagon 11

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Photograph by BRETT WESTON

BIG SUR

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hours to make the trip from Big Sur to Monterey, 13 hours with four horses and a lumber wagon. The trip was made along the old wagon road, parts of which are still in existence today. Cars could also go over this road. Sometimes they made it. Sometimes they didn't.

Mrs. Hans Ewoldsen, postmaster at Big Sur ("They don't call us mistresses any more") and descendant of the area's oldest family, figures about 200 people in her immediate bailiwick. About half of these are permanent residents. That means they stay year in, year out, and most of these have built their homes with their own hands. The other half stays a while, a few months, a year, perhaps two, then leaves.

This permanent and semi-permanent community is not as closely knit as one would tend to believe. In the early days, of course, when neighbors depended on each other for survival, when survival was their common interest, it was different. But then, somehow, a few decades ago the community fell apart. Although everybody knew each other, there was little feeling of closeness, cooperation and interdependence.

When the Grange Hall was built a few years back, this looseness tightened up again, and today there is again more closeness and community spirit and cooperation. As in any community there are, naturally, factions and personal dislikes, but in the overall everybody gets along and works together, certainly more so than in bigger and better-organized communities.

The permanent and semi-permanent residents of Big Sur make up an amazing potpourri. They include a few descendants of the original settlers, the Pfeiffers and the Posts; a few old-time families like the Trotters and real old-timers like P. J. Smith who came first in 1902 to peel tanbark for the G. C. Notley Company in Partington Canyon.

They also include some well-to-do retired people, some Sunday ranchers, a great many creative people and even more hangers-on, drifters and first-rate third-raters in the arts and crafts. It is the congregation of these people that has made the Big Sur famous and fashionable with the Bohemian crowd. They drift in from all over. Some can take the country. Some can't. Some really serious workers, like Composer Harry Partch, find it so overpowering that they cannot work and decide to leave. Others find, on arriving in the Sur, that they have come to their true home. And they can work. These people include controversial author Henry Miller, 63, most of whose books are banned in this country and whose general reputation still suffers from the lurid stories once told about him in the press as an advocate of free love and vehemently articulate objector to the restrictions of modern society.

Says Miller about his life on Big Sur's Partington Ridge:

"It takes a certain discipline to live up to this paradise here. It's something that commands you. Either you live up to it or it rejects you and sends you to a purgatory.

"You've got to live here in a spirit of serenity, peace and equilibrium . . . in an attitude of prayer and thanksgiving, surrounded by this immensity.

"You can't let yourself be let down because you have problems like other people. After all, they have nothing to compare with all this."

Others who, like him, find that they can work and live in the Big Sur, living up to the immensity around them instead of fighting it, are people like Sculptor Harrydick Ross and his wife, Novelist Lillian Bos Ross; anthropologist Maude Oaks; Author and Diplomat Nicholas Roosevelt; Sculptors David Tolerton and Gordon Newell; Painter Emil White; Poet Eric Barker and an artist named Emile Norman who very successfully makes plastic mosaics that sell like hotcakes at 5th Avenue prices.

The very immensity and overpowering strength of the landscape that the true creative people of Big Sur find either their strength or their failure in, combined with the remoteness from tightly organized society, makes possible a free life that can lead to imbalance and excesses as well as creativity and hard work. Big Sur, a rare haven for non-conformists of both the constructive and unconstructive kinds, has thus also attracted a lot of people who talk earnestly about doing creative work but rarely get around to it, being too busy living a modern version of artists a la Rousseau's nature boys. There are also a number of outright bums, mostly the charming kind, who admit freely that they are out for the free, easy and uninhibited life they can still live at Big Sur. They get along on odd jobs. (Says Shawn Mallory, a good looking, charming and well-spoken young man who has both muscles and brains but prefers to live by the former: "I'm not going to pretend to be an artist. I'm just a bum and like it." Right now he is working hard in timber on top of Partington Ridge.)

Unofficial headquarters for the Big Sur's Social Life is Nepenthe, a spectacular restaurant in a spectacular setting. Nepenthe, owned by Bill and Lolly Fasset, was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright student Rowan Maiden adjoining a cottage once owned by Orson Welles in which the Fassets now live. A tale has it that Welles and Rita Hayworth honeymooned there, but fact of the matter is that the amazing Miss Hayworth never set foot there and that Welles was there only briefly when he first bought it.

Since Nepenthe (from the Greek meaning something like "island of no sorrow") was opened in 1949, other movie stars, however, have passed through in droves, as well as plenty of celebrities in all fields of endeavor, for Nepenthe has become one of the showplaces of the West Coast. Steaks cost $5.50 and other prices correspond, but beer in pitchers still comes cheap enough ($1.50) so that Big Surites can afford to come. This adds immeasurably to the atmosphere of this fabulous joint as, at night, the kids, some in bare feet, dance wildly to folk tunes and good modern music by the light of an open fire; presenting a gaga-eyed tourists a picture of paganism, whirling fire worshippers on a terrace several hundred feet over the Pacific. Nepenthe's closing of an open fire; presenting to gaga-eyed tourists a picture on Hallowe'en night to which people flock from all up and down the coast. At the 1954 closing, a young artist couple from La Jolla showed up as Adam and Eve. They were dressed in fig leaves, and they danced decorously and beautifully in the flashing firelight—now where else in the U.S. of the 1950's would that be possible in public?

The artists and psuedo artists and their kindred souls and friends generally help each other in many ways. And theirs is the closest knit life of the community, although the privacy of each individual is well respected.

Mrs. Helmuth (Grandma) Deetjen, who runs the Big Sur Inn a mile or so south of Nepenthe with her wiry Norwegian husband, is always the first to help out. The bulky woman, reigning from her chair in the back room of the Inn, gives everybody the benefit of doubt, and when they come in and have no place to stay she lets them sleep in the goat house. Currently five would-be Big Surites, vagrants of the sensitive kind, are under her roof.

The next helper is Ed Culver, the star route mailman who has serviced Big Sur for 2' years. Ed Culver is also a grocery clerk and he carries many artists on his victuals cuff for long periods of time—sometimes forever. He also maintains liaison between the far-flung residents, carrying verbal messages along his official route. Ed will carry a message from Poet Eric Barker who lives at the Little Sur River, to the Morganraths who live below the Hot Springs, saying Eric won't be able to make it for dinner that night. He might then carry a message back saying: "Okay, Eric, make it Tuesday of next week."

Eve, wife of Henry Miller, has had a sort of creative kindergarten going at home on Partington Ridge. Ed picked up the youngsters on his way down, delivered them at the Miller house, then picked them up again on his way back.

Cooperation extends even further than that. Surpluses are distributed to those who need it. If somebody has more abalone than he can eat, he'll share the catch with his friends. Venison is shared, as are occasional leftovers from Nepenthe or artichokes that Howard Welch has scrounged up in the fields south of Carmel. Such donations are usually deposited in the various mailboxes along Culver's route.

The housing situation is unusual. There are the rich landowners, the independently wealthy Partington Ridge group, the Innkeepers, the renting artists and drifters. Between the Little Sur River and Lucia there are a dozen or so rented houses. Some of them are quite primitive by modern realty standards. The rents range from $10 to $25 a month, and the houses are much in demand.

If a resident leaves the Sur, there is always someone ready to take the house over. This is not a planned system, it just works in this manner. There is, of course, a sort of screening process. The permanent residents will talk over the assets the newcomers might bring to the Sur, and if it is generally agreed that they have some creative ability or even think in some creative line, there will be a general move to find a place for them to live.

As for buying property, that's a different story. These days you can figure that an acre of Big Sur land costs about $1,000, but land is rarely for sale. Right now, there is just one steep home site left on Partington Ridge (at $1,000 an acre); Partington Cove is for sale for about $30,000, we understand, and some property is available below Deetjen's, two "homes" on 10 acres, for $10,000. That's about all at the time of this writing.

Even if an acre could be obtained for $1,000, it would cost at least another $2,500 to make part of it into a home site, grubbing the brush, bulldozing, drilling a well. And living at the Sur, unless you are of the artistic variety mentioned above, is not cheap. You may save on clothes, but groceries run higher because they have to be imported, or else you have to import them yourself, and you can figure five bucks for gas and oil and wear and tear on a drive to and from town.

According to the tax collector's office, the total assessed valuation of the Big Sur area is $506,770, and that naturally includes hostelries which account for most of it. If you add the Palo Colorado, it's another $675,370, but that's mostly summer homes of people in the Central Valley and doesn't as a whole fit into the Big Sur state of mind and life.

In the summer, of course, the character of Big Sur changes somewhat because of the deluge of tourists. The population of the area grows by leaps and bounds as the season approaches.

Pfeiffer State Park alone can accommodate up to 1,000 campers a night, and the lodges and motels and cabins along the highway, as well as some private campgrounds, can bed another 350 or thereabouts, and they are usually full up in the summer.

There is the Ripplewood Resort, Crawford's River Inn, Redwood Lodge (in the rear of which open-air religious services are held during the season), Post's Rancho Sierra Mar, Walker's campgrounds, the Big Sur Inn, and a new resort, Glen Oaks. The swankiest of the establishments is the Big Sur Lodge, run by concessionaires in the State Park. It can accommodate 175 people, is open from May 1 through the middle of October. Rates, European plan, run $6 to $10 a day for two, which is about the range of all Big Sur establishments.

As the popularity of the Big Sur with tourists increases, private enterprise is constantly adding new accommodations to meet the increased demand. The State Park, however, has just about reached its limits for present facilities.

The Park statistics are staggering:

262,895 visitors were logged in 1952 by the ranger's

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BIG SUR's controversial writer Henry Miller and his wife, Eve. Photo by Wynn Bullock.

SCULPTOR Harrydick Ross (above) works in sunny patio of his home in Big Sur. Garrapata Beach (below) ten miles south of Carmel Highlands. Photos by Brett Weston. Above left, Big Sur's "Ma" Deetjen.

THIS IS BIG SUR

office; 382,121 in 1954, and by August 28, 1955, the eight-months total already stood at 348,086 (as compared to 296,064 for the same period in 1954, thus promising a new record year in a series of record years.

Of 1955's visitors an estimated 75,000 to 100,000 have been campers, providing further testimony of the new national pastime. Camping in the park costs $1 per vehicle a night, but it's so crowded and the demand is so great that during the summer usually only people showing up before 7 A.M. can find a vacant camp site. The park turns away an average of 100 campers a day.

Camping, which is considered roughing it even with the modern conveniences most campers carry nowadays, is a far cry from the rough life of the men and women who first settled on the site of the 680-acre State Park and the country to the north, south, east and west of it—west of it, yes, that too, because the 17-year-old State Park is in the Big Sur Valley at one of the few places where Highway 1 briefly meanders inland through the shade of the redwoods from the exposed and rocky coast.

The first white settler on record in the immediate Big Sur area was a gentleman named Davis, believed to be a relative of the Hudson family of Monterey. At about the same time Captain John Cooper took possession of a Spanish land grant of nearly 10,000 acres to the north and ran cattle on it. Cooper's land grant was the Rancho El Sur at the Little Sur River, and the rancho is still in existence today. It is the only large property on the Sur coast still its original size.

Early this year, Rancho El Sur was sold by Harry Hunt of Pebble Beach to Cortland T. Hill, grandson of James J. Hill, Canadian Pacific and Great Northern railroad tycoon, for a cool $900,000. Cattle are still run on the property, and the owners and their guests come down occasionally to hunt and fish.

Davis eventually sold his cabin, and perhaps some land bordering on what is now the State Park, to a family of Indians from Ventura. The head of that family was Emanuel Innocenti, a vaquero employed by Cooper on Rancho El Sur. The Innocentis raised seven children. All died of tuberculosis in their teens.

The first white settler whose descendants still live in the Big Sur was Michel Pfeiffer. He came in 1869. He and his family settled at the mouth of Sycamore Canyon near what is now called Pfeiffer Beach. The beach, often uncomfortably windy but nonetheless one of the loveliest along the coast here, was Pfeiffer property, and it is still in the clan today. Visitors, however, have access to the beach. The current owners of the Pfeiffer homestead, Mrs. Kate Dani and the Alvin Brazils, charge 50 cents per car admission which, considering the magnificence of that beach, is more than fair.

In an unpublished manuscript written laboriously by hand several decades ago, Mrs. John M. Pfeiffer, daughter-in-law of Michel, has recorded the early days of the Sur as she learned about them from talk in her husband's home. Mrs. John M. Pfeiffer, now widowed and 84 years old, is still alive. Mrs. Ewoldsen is her daughter.

In her family history, Mrs. Pfeiffer tells of how Mrs. Innocenti came to visit the Pfeiffers about once a year ("I have come to see my white sister," she used to say) and brought gifts of vegetable seed or flowers. "She came afoot, climbing the mountain between Sycamore Canyon where a truck road is now, keeping along the top of the mountain side because it was more open country and not so much danger of meeting a bear or mountain lion." The young Pfeiffer boys, well able to read spoors, soon discovered that Mrs. Innocenti walked barefoot most of the way, carrying her shoes, then stopped to put on her shoes shortly before arriving at the Pfeiffer homestead. She took them off again on her way back home.

Mrs. Innocenti was well advised in her efforts to avoid bear and mountain lion. Although wildlife is still plentiful in Big Sur and the big cats still roam and kill today, there were many more of them then, and the bear

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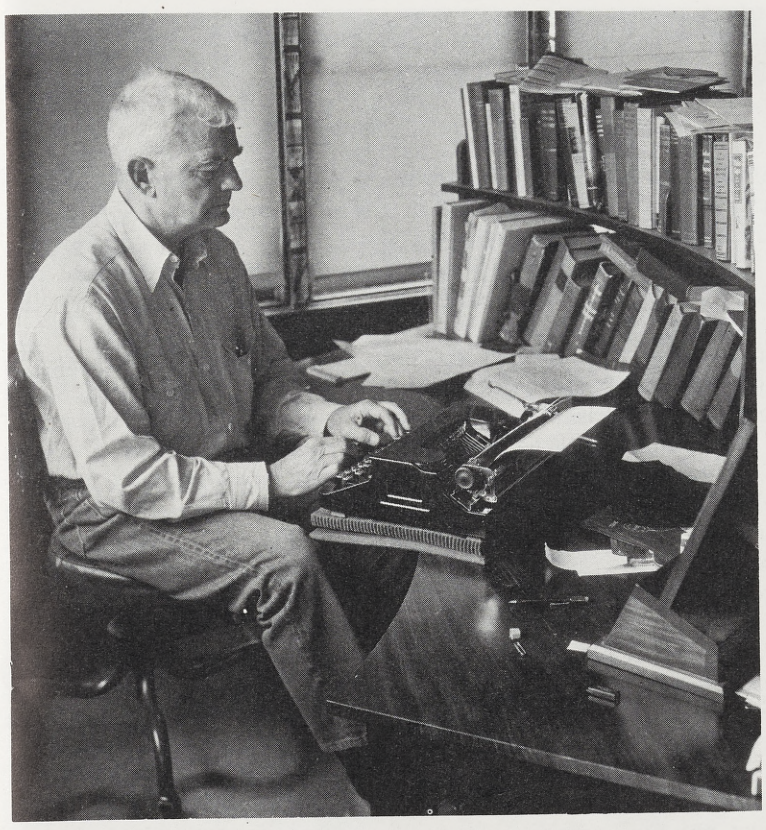
FOG invades coastal farm lands. Photo by Wynn Bullock.

OLD RANCH HOUSE of homesteader William Bernard Post.



MAIL BOXES list distinguished residents. Left, Nicholas Roosevelt, author, diplomat, at work in his Partington Ridge home. Photo by Brett Weston. Below, Wynn Bullock photographs sunset on the rugged Big Sur Coastline.

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were not just black and brown bear, but the huge and powerful grizzly.

"A lion," Mrs. Pfeiffer wrote, "is rather timid, but very bold when driven by hunger." Grizzlies were bold, hungry or no. And they were powerful: "The bear's method was to slap an animal (beef cattle) on the side and knock it down, the blow being so heavy the ribs were usually crushed inward; then the bear tore open the abdominal cavity and ate the fat off the stomach first, next the brisket was eaten, always the fattest portion consumed first. If dirt was scratched over the kill, the bear expected to return for another meal."

The Pfeiffers lost plenty of cattle that way. For years they tried vainly to cope with the grizzlies. Often they were near giving up. Then someone told them how to get rid of the powerful invaders:

"It was to take the fat from the stomach and intestines of a freshly killed animal, make it into a ball as big as two fists, in the center of which was placed a certain amount of strychnine, the ball of fat to be hung from a branch-oak, preferred because of the outstretching branches and high enough so it was beyond the reach of dogs . . ."

The oak trunk was smeared generously with fresh fat, and the bear was soon attracted by the odor of the new kill "and soon licked off the fat, still smelling the fat and being hungry it did not take them long to find the hanging ball of fat, and since, while standing upon their hind legs they have a long reach, they got the ball of fat and it was hastily consumed."

And that's how the Pfeiffers and other settlers got rid of grizzlies. None remain today as far as anybody knows.

But nothing was easy in the Big Sur of that day, which is not so long ago, and few things really are easy today for those who live there. Skunks were a menace to the Pfeiffers because of their chickens. One day, Michel Pfeiffer's wife heard a racket out in back and arrived in time to see a skunk menace her fowl.

"She grabbed the skunk by the tail, called for the ax and held the skunk against the tree while one of the boys quickly cut its head off. Held in that position it could not throw its scent and so the chickens were saved and no disagreeable odor," wrote Mrs. John Pfeiffer in her succinct, pre-Hemingway prose.

John M. Pfeiffer, who died in 1941 at the age of 79, left his parents' home when he married and settled on a 160-acre tract on the present site of the State Park. The government gave him homestead title. The going was rough for the young Pfeiffer and his wife. They raised most of what they needed; went to Monterey along Captain Cooper's cattle trails and wagon trail that meandered along the coast north of the Big Sur. There was no way to go south.

In Monterey they exchanged butter, eggs, chicken, quail, venison and sometimes livestock for sugar, salt, flower and other needed staples.

Once Pfeiffer and other men were driving hogs from Rancho El Sur to Monterey. Evening came, and a settler along the route invited them to stop and rest and eat of the venison he had hung in the back of the house. "Now driving hogs is about the hungriest work a man can do, and this was over such rough country and mostly afoot. It was dark when they arrived, a fire was soon made outside, the coffee set to boil, some steaks cut from the hanging meat and broiled over the open fire."

The men found the meat tough and a little strong. But they ate heartily, then bedded down. In the light of the next morning they found they had eaten off the carcass of a mountain lion. The venison hanging next to it was untouched.

Mountain lions were a constant threat. One day John Pfeiffer, out on trail, killed a deer late in the evening, trimmed it and hung it up in a tree, taking out part of the liver for his supper. After eating he put his blanket roll on the ground just at the foot of the tree where the deer was hung.

"He was soon asleep and didn't waken until the pigmy owls began to call early in the morning awhile before daybreak. When he let down the deer he was surprised it seemed so light in weight. You can well imagine his surprise to find both hams stripped of all the meat. A lion had climbed the tree and had a good feast while he slept."

One wonders what may have happened to John if he hadn't had a supper ready for the hungry cat. Such was life in the Sur just 50 years ago.

The Pfeiffers were first in the immediate Big Sur area. And their name will live on in the area because John M. Pfeiffer saw to that. In the 30's he sold 760 of his acres to the State for the State Park, donating half of the purchase price that was set at $250,000 on the condition that park would always bear his name.

But south of Big Sur, the first white settler came already in 1874. He was Mr. Partington whose steamer, Ventura, was wrecked south of the Big Sur mouth. He saw the tanoak and the timber and decided to stay.

In the Big Sur, the Castros were the next settlers. They came in '76. And the following year William Bernard Post started homesteading on top of the rise where the highway climbs out of the Big Sur Valley to the south. The Post ranch, most of which is still in the hands

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of the family, encompassed 1300 acres. The Castro ranch, to the south of it, covered 600, is now partly owned by Chuck Fuller of Carmel. Deetjen's is also on former Castro property.

Post took an Indian wife from Carmel Valley, had the first school and the first post office on his property. His original homestead still stands. It was recently repainted and redecorated, and his grandson, Bill Post (named Joseph William like all Post first-borns) lives in it now with his wife. Bill's sister, Mary, and her mother, Irene, run Post's Sierra Mar a little way up the road from the homestead.

Of the original large properties only the Rancho El Sur, the Post ranch, the relatively new 1200-acre Boranda tract and the 8,000 acre John Nesbitt ranch to the south of Partington Ridge remain, and half of the Nesbitt ranch was sold last year to two King City cattlemen.

The Posts, and later the Trotters—a family of extremely strong and able men—figured in the ranching, timbering and homesteading years of the Sur.

In 1902, Joseph William Post, father of Bill and son of William Bernard, built Partington Landing so ships could take out the tanbark. The trail to the landing included a 1,000-foot tunnel through rock, and it was used only in that one season. That year, with Sam Trotter bossing a 40-man crew, brought out about 10,000 cords of bark up to five inches thick from the Partington land. It was the heaviest bark with the greatest contents of tannic acid ever harvested in California, according to old-timers.

The Trotter brothers are Big Sur's most legendary figures, although Jaimie de Angulo, a Castillian Spaniard who let his hair grow long, gives them strong competition. De Angulo lived way on top of Partington Ridge and was possibly the most brilliant man who ever lived in the Big Sur. De Angulo was a physician from Johns Hopkins who did not practice but instead collected Indian lore, was a linguist, ethnologist and anthropologist. He let his hair grow down to his shoulders, would welcome friends one day, chase them off his property the next.

The Trotter brothers are more predictable. They are the largest and strongest men in the country and stories of their feats are incredible. Sam Trotter said that on Saturdays he whipped all his boys "just to keep them in shape."

There is a huge chest in the Log House at Nepenthe that 10 men could not budge. The Trotter boys put it there and then built a log house around it.

Once, when the boys were working for rancher Ralph Newell, Mrs. Newell whipped up a large batch of hot cakes to feed the men. Frank Trotter finished off the entire first batter. Mrs. Newell whipped up another batter which Walter Trotter engulfed. Ralph Newell got the leavings.

Stories like this are born and grow up real easy around the Sur. The country and its people are tailor-made for them.

There is the sign on the door of Benny Bufano's studio. it reads: "Back in 30 minutes—Benny." He hasn't been there for four years. Amazingly enough the studio is left open and inside are hundreds of dollars worth of carving tools protected by a sign that says: "He who steals from Benny steals from humanity." Not one tool has ever been touched.

There are stories about the "Hindus," a group of artistically inclined people who started practicing some mysterious religious rites in a Big Sur cottage two years ago, shared wives and swapped them, ran about with long hair and wreaths of roses around.

Big Sur's "upper crust" on Partington Ridge has never participated in such shenanigans.

The Partington Ridge people are hard working people, friendly to outsiders but mostly living constructive self-contained lives.

First home on the ridge was that of Nick Roosevelt. He built it in the early 40's, used it at first only for vacations. Then the Rosses came, who started building in 1947, and rapidly the settlement grew. ***

BIXBY CREEK empties into the Pacific Ocean about 12 miles south of Carmel. Photo by Brett Weston.

LONE CYPRESS on Midway Point, Seventeen Mile Drive. Photo by Julian P. Graham

PEBBLE BEACH -- KINGDOM OF PLENTY

A Yale football captain turned eleven square miles of virgin forest and sand dune into the golf capital of the world.

He discovered it on a horseback ride.

That was in 1915. The husky gridiron star was Samuel F. B. Morse.

He decided then and there that the Del Monte Forest and the Peninsula as a permanent seat for "class living" had barely been touched.

Morse, grand nephew of the telegraph inventor, partially derived his interest from the fact that he had been called in by the Pacific Improvement Company, catchall corporation for the fabulous Big Four of western development to see what could be done about the Monterey Peninsula. The Big Four included Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins.

Under Morse's guidance this wild kingdom of plenty has come to have an assessed valuation of $6,600,00 on the County tax rolls. This figure, at best, is 40 percent of value. Even this is regarded by some realtors as a short yardstick of its actual value.

The forest has 550 homes, owned by a wide range of celebrities and blue bookers.

An average of 4,000 cars pass through its four toll gates each day to visit its 140-room Del Monte Lodge and shops, its three championship courses, two country clubs, and boys' school, Robert Louis Stevenson. In addition it has a gigantic sand plant well hidden in a remote section of the forest.

Today thousands visit Pebble Beach alone to traverse its 17-Mile Drive (actually 9.8 miles), to see its wild coastline, picturesque Cypress trees, witch and ghost. But in 1915 it was another matter.

The 7,000 acres of the Monterey Peninsula, purchased by Crocker in 1879 at $5 an acre to augment the success of the Southern Pacific spur line south of San Francisco, was not doing so well.

Even the fabulous old Hotel Del Monte, built as the most fashionable hotel in the West complete with polo fields, race track and other items to attract the carriage trade, was being hurt by the war in Europe.

Morse did two things—he brought in a first class manager for the hotel (now the Navy School) and then turned his attention to the untouched forest.

He re-routed the 17-Mile Drive, picked up the deeds to choice Pebble Beach waterfront lots. One such site was the present site of Del Monte Lodge. It was then the site of a Chinese fishermen's village. He also rushed construction on the Pebble Beach Golf Course and the Lodge.

In a short time Morse became an influential figure on the Peninsula. In fact, one night the Monterey City Council met and decided to reform the city boundaries excluding the Hotel Del Monte and other East Monterey lands from the city limits. The property was not reannexed until after the old Hotel Del Monte was sold in 1948 to the Navy.

By 1919 the property was so healthy that an eastern syndicate offered $1,200,000 for the property. Morse figuring if he was good enough to run it for somebody else might as well do it for himself, got the backing of Herbert Fleishhacker and other San Francisco friends and purchased the holdings for $1,300,000.

The company was renamed Del Monte Properties. Morse, president and chairman of the board, today is still its major stockholder.

Morse, in developing the area, soon added two more

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SEALS CAVORT on the Seal Rocks which can be seen from 17 Mile Drive.
Photo by Julian P. Graham

PEBBLE BEACH

golf courses, Cypress and Monterey Country Club, and by 1929 Pebble Beach was used for the National Amateur Open Championship. Later, when the Del Monte Hotel was sold to the Navy for $2,149,000, he added some more rooms to the Del Monte Lodge and a shopping center and sought to have it re-capture the carriage trade calendar of the other hotel. In addition the Pebble Beach Road Races were promoted, another step in attracting the "right people."

Through the years the development in Pebble Beach has been a unique, threefold, real estate resort augmented by an incongruous but profitable sand plant. The sand plant is credited by company officials with pulling the properties through the last depression.

Pebble Beach has been called a feudal estate. This is actually an inaccuracy since few of its millionaire and other residents could be called slaves.

Del Monte Properties does, however, own its own roads, demand a toll of visitors and a fee of residents, to keep them up. Morse rules on all buildings and additions. He had managed to keep the area in the County, permitting a lower tax rate to property owners than urban areas of the Peninsula.

Although all property developments are ruled on, Morse does not require a rigid form of architecture as "long as it is harmonious to the region." And it must be said that, unlike many real estate developments, Pebble Beach under his leadership has preserved its natural beauty.

This area's architecture includes the Byzantine mansion built by Mrs. Templeton Crocker, 48 columns from 32 countries and 17 rooms. The house cost $1,000,000 to build.

The George Harts, who owned it until recently, added a swimming pool and beach of radiant sand. The area's architecture also ranges to very modern as depicted by Movie Director Robert Buckner's guest house.

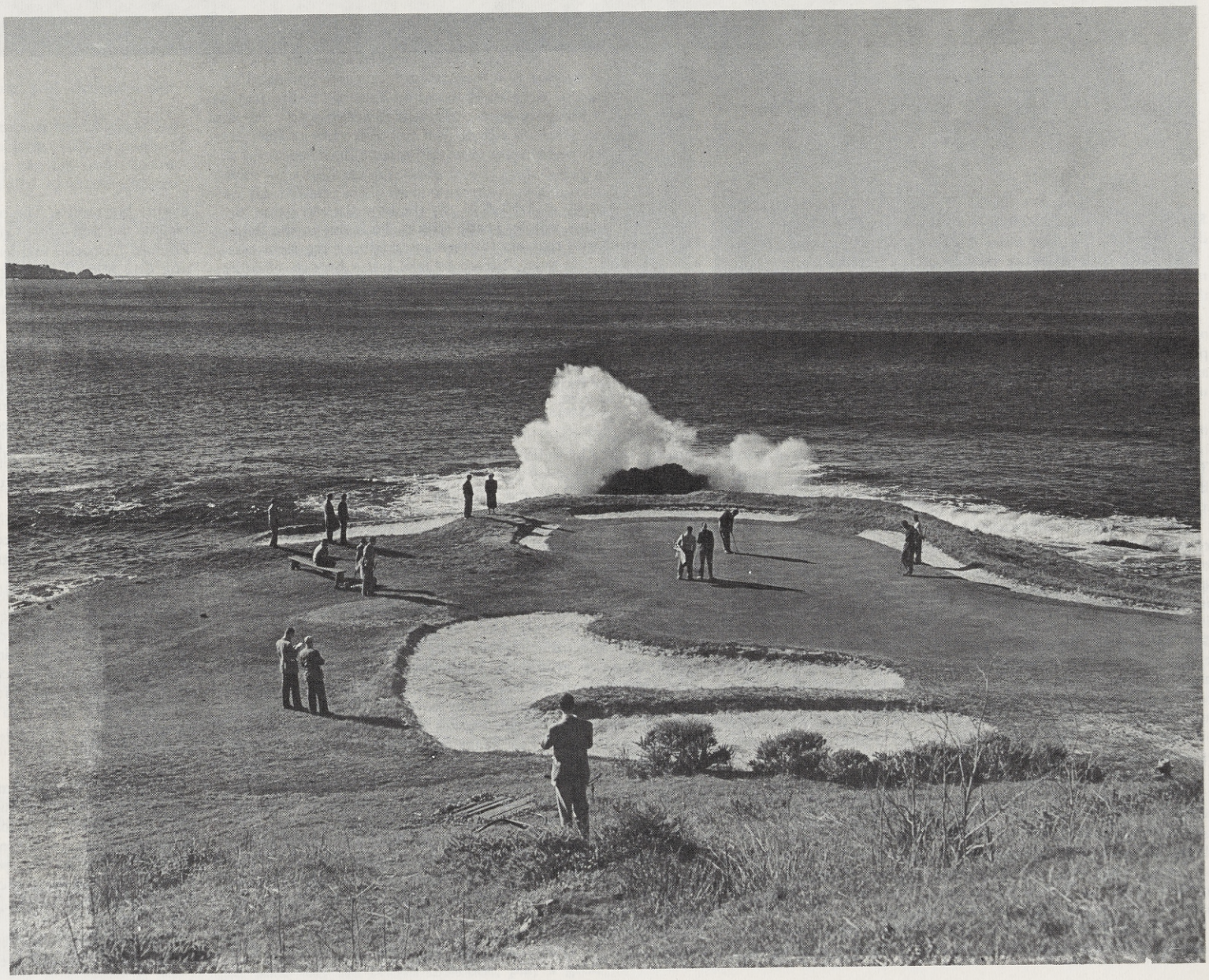
Today, at 70, still ramrod straight, Morse maintains: "Frankly, I was glad to see the canneries go. The Navy School and its type of people is worth much more to the Peninsula. People who talk about turning the canneries into factories are talking through their hats.

"The Peninsula's future lies in further development as a recreational area and making it a cultural center. Any industry brought here should be in the nature of main offices of insurance companies or publishing houses."

S. F. B. MORSE

THE CROCKER MANSION, 17 Mile Drive. Photo by Julian P. Graham

THE DEL MONTE Kennel Club's Annual Dog Show (photo above by Wynn Bullock) and the Bing Crosby Open Golf Tournament attract many visitors to the area. The Pebble Beach Course (right) is considered one of the most difficult in the world. Photo by J. P. Graham



The Story Behind the Salinas Lettuce Kings

A GAMBLER'S C

You're sitting across the desk from a man who has made $20,000 a day, lost $20,000, sometimes more, sometimes less, day after day after day, and did either without blinking an eye.

He is a Salinas lettuce man, a produce tycoon, a guy who rolls refrigerator cars full of potential salad across the country the way a Reno crapshooter rolls his dice across green cloth.

Unlike the crapshooter, the lettuce man has some control over his passes. But only up to a certain point. Beyond that point he is at the mercy of factors beyond his control: supply and demand, the weather, incipient decay. If his numbers come up right, he makes a pile. If they don't he craps out.

Let's call him Peter Smith. There is no lettuce lion in Salinas named Peter Smith, but the handle will do for a composite, representative type whom we'll make the hero of this true story. The big Salinas produce men have names like Ken Nutting, Bruce Church, E. E. Harden, Bud Antle and E. M. Seifert. They all have shared the experiences of our hypothetical Pete Smith.

Pete's office is roomy, well-furnished, but unpretentious. It's cold and hard and matter of fact, with just a few sentimental touches here and there, like honorary plaques and framed photographs and old brand labels. Just like his business is. Pete's desk is littered with market reports. There is a telephone, a most important tool in his business: his PT&T bill often runs over $20,000 a year. His office staff is small. The over-all effect is clean, efficient, but small-time. You wouldn't think that profits and losses are reckoned here in hundreds of thousands of dollars, sometimes even millions. Pete's come up from the bottom and he hasn't had time to put on airs. Sure, he's got a nice home and drives a Cad. But that's as far as it goes. Most of his money is working. It's in chips.

And his bets are down.

At the height of the season, when the game is in full swing, when the play is committed and there's no backing down, Pete lives through rushed, nerve-wracking days, weeks on end. Everything moves with rocket speed. Last spring, one of the worst on record, when fate scratched somewhere between six and eight million dollars in Salinas lettuce bets, Pete lost "over $100,000 before I could even start to put the brakes on."

On such a hurried day in harvest season (there are three a year in the Salinas-Watsonville lettuce bowl: spring, summer and fall), Pete gets up at 3:30 A.M. By the time the sun paints the valley with misty, yellow, gentle streaks, he is out in the fields. He's making sure that his foremen are cropping the right acreages. "I can't," he says, "afford to take losses because of other people's mistakes." He has a second breakfast at 6:30. Then he goes to his office. He spends all morning there, usually hanging on the telephone, talking to produce brokers and receivers all over the country, keeping track of railroad cars and trucks full of lettuce that he has sent, wheels spinning, all over the nation in the search of a market that'll give him a profit, help him to break even, or at least get him back part of his investment.

In the afternoon, he's in the field again, keeping in touch with his office by radio telephone. After dinner, it's back to his headquarters. Some of his most important telephone calls are made between 9 P.M. and midnight. Those are the hours, what with the world a wheeling ball of fate, when the produce men in the East and Midwest get down to business. New York's Washington Street wakes up at midnight. That's 9 P.M. here. Washington Street quickly clogs with trucks and cars, so tightly wedged sometimes you can't cross from sidewalk to sidewalk, and the brokers, receivers and wholesalers start to do business with the goods that will feed the metropolis that day.

Supply and demand. Bid and ask. Prices are set. Pete's on the phone, trying to peddle his lettuce which peddle he must, for New York is about the end of the line and lettuce is perishable.

As the hours pass, and the sun moves ever westward over the American scene, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Chicago wake up and get down to business. Pete hangs on the phone as long as necessity dictates. Then he finally goes home to catch a few hours sleep. The next day is the same. You'd think he'd have ulcers. You're right. He's had them. But he's got over them. "I've had to learn to turn my back on the business," he says.

Pete's business starts long before his salad reaches the market places of this country. He is a grower-shipper. There are also growers, who only grow: and shippers, who harvest and ship. But most of the big men and big outfits, like Pete Smith, are grower-shippers, who do both. There are about 75 grower-shippers in the Salinas-Watsonville area, the majority of them handling lettuce among other produce, and some of them are mighty big outfits. The biggest, most stable and most important include the Bud Antle Co., Farley Fruit Co., Garin Co., Growers Produce Dispatch, Harden Farms, Holme & Seifert, K. R. Nutting Co., Merrill Packing Co. and Peter A. Stolich Co.

Pete owns some acreage, but most of his land he leases. These leases are for several years. But he doesn't plant lettuce on all his fields every season. Land south of Gonzales is good only for the spring; so is land around Alisal: it's too hot in the summer and fall there, so he plants beets maybe, instead. Some of Pete's land is premium land where soil and weather conditions are most favorable. But not all of it, by a long shot. He leases the best land he can. Premium land is hard to get. The law of demand and supply starts right there.

At any rate, Pete's got a fair share of the 71,751 crops acres that were devoted to lettuce in 1955 in the Salinas-Watsonville area, some good, some excellent, some mediocre, some bad. Spring is always the heaviest lettuce time here (last year 30,347 in the spring as compared to 21,828 in the summer and 19,576 in the fall) so there's a lot of planting going on by stages.

Land rentals run up to $125 an acre a year. After the land's leased, Pete starts putting down some more chips for land preparation, plowing, harrowing, fertilization, seed, irrigation, cultivation, hoeing, thinning and insecticides.

By the time his lettuce is ready for harvest, he has invested between $230 and $275 in each acre. If he were only a grower, he would quit now, cash in or cash out, and leave all further gambling to the shippers. Being a grower-shipper, however, he puts down some more chips, and starts harvesting as his fields mature.

His additional investment is now about $1.00 for each carton of lettuce, which includes harvesting, packing, hauling, loading and cooling. A carton may contain anywhere from 18 to 30 heads of lettuce, depending on their size. The average is 24. That is known as the "popular" size. When an acre produces 350 to 400 cartons it's considered a good yield. But he may find himself with less or with more, depending on the weather and on blight.

Assuming now that Pete's growing investment came to $275 an acre, and that—for the sake of mathematical simplicity—his

CHOICE

by G.S. Bush

yield was 275 cartons per acre, he now has a $2 investment in each carton, $1 for growing and $1 for harvesting.

(Let's digress here for a moment and consider the impact of the Salinas-Watsonville area on the nation's salad eaters. With 71,751 acres in lettuce, the region produced more than 515 million heads in 1955. Not all of this was harvested, however, as we shall see later. (The area's lettuce investment, incidentally, thus totaled around $40 million.)

The lettuce is packed, cooled, ready for sale and shipment.

What happens now?

Take a day when Pete harvested 15 railroad cars capacity. He had to harvest it that day. Lettuce can't wait. A railroad car holds around 640 cartons. So, that day, Pete's crews have packed 9,600 cartons, harvesting some 30 acres.

Pete's bet that day is for $19,200.

A receiver—meaning a broker, acting for Eastern interests—takes a look at the lettuce. Here the possibilities, as at every step in the lettuce game, become manifold. The receiver may buy all the cars. He may buy some of them. He may buy none of them. He may offer more than a $2 break-even price, or offer less. It all depends on supply and demand.

But this day now is an average day in the lettuce business, and that means a buyer's market, and the receiver takes only a few of the cars, say five. That leaves 10 on Pete's hands. They've got to be moved. And in a hurry. Some lettuce may last up to three weeks, but most will start deteriorating after ten days.

So now Pete increases his bets.

He's gambling that market conditions will change within six days.

He calls Southern Pacific. 'I've got ten cars for Chicago," he says. And his ten cars are hooked on a long, 100-car produce train, and the train moves east, making regular stops for re-icing and salting. Pete's cars are scheduled to reach Chicago on the morning of the sixth day.

The freight and refrigeration charge runs about $1 per carton to Chicago (about $1.25 to New York plus 15 cents for "cartage," much of which goes to Joe Popa's Teamsters Local 202), and Pete now has a $3 bet on each Chicago carton.

If the market improves, he may get his investment out and even make money. But it can also happen, and often does, that there is no market in Chicago at all, and by telephone he directs his cars to be moved to New York. The investment is now $3.40 a carton, and Pete's got his fingers crossed real tight. Chances are slim now that he'll get his money back, but maybe he'll at least make the freight charges, he hopes.

Well, by the 9th morning, his cars get to New York. A broker is willing to take the lettuce. The market for the grade Pete has to offer is $2. Pete's lucky, this time. His freight's paid for, and he gets back 60 cents a carton on his growing and harvesting investments. He's lost only $15,360 that day.

It could have been worse. He could have sold only part of the lettuce, dumping or abandoning the rest to the railroad; or he might have had to sell for less than the freight charges, and have to put up additional money to make up the difference.

Pete recalls a bitter day—one of many—when he had to abandon all his cars. He had 20 cars that day, and no buyer for them in Salinas.

"I shipped them to Seattle," he says, "hearing that the market there might improve. Others heard the same. The day my lettuce arrived in Seattle, 150 other cars and 50 trucks arrived as well.

"So I diverted my cars to Butte, Montana. All the other shippers did the same. Butte was glutted. No sale. I ordered the cars moved to Minneapolis. Again, so did everybody else. When my 20 cars arrived at the Minneapolis terminal on the 11th day, the jig was up. The lettuce had to be dumped, a total loss all the way."

Naturally, it isn't always like that. Or else Pete wouldn't be in business any more.

The summer of 1955, when Salinas lettuce "was like gold balls"—hot weather having destroyed Eastern crops—the situation was reversed. Instead of Pete hanging on the phone, trying to find customers, he was phoned to and stampeded in person by receivers and brokers. Every head was sold before it left Salinas, and sold at high prices, sometimes close to $4 a carton.

The summer crop was terrific in quality and quantity, which almost always go together because conditions favorable to one are favorable to the other, and some of Pete's acres yielded around 500 cartons. This brought his investment to around $1.50 a carton. It left a unit profit margin of close to $2.50.

Thus, on 15 cars, Pete made $24,000 that day. And it was just one fine bank-account-swelling day among many, many in a row that bountiful, beautiful summer of 1955.

Yes, last summer was a honey. It more than made up for the disasterous spring that preceded it, a spring when the Salinas lettuce men would have been better off if they had disced up all their acres, confining their losses to the growing investment.

For some of the smaller men, the summer didn't pay off: a number of marginal operators didn't have enough
to gamble on the summer harvest after their spring

But, for Pete and the other big ones, the summe
14,448 carloads and countless truck-loads of lettuce
ped out of the Salinas-Watsonville area, was a Go
Pete, and the others, would have been better off if t
stopped right there. Because fall was a loser agai
heavy a looser as spring, and over-all 1955 turne
a deficit year on lettuce.

The two prior years, 1953 and 1954, had bee
lettuce years, but not immensely so. 1952 was a lose
a winner, and 1950 was truly bad. The worst year si
was 1948. But there were real good years, too.

Altogether, you may wonder how men survive in
business when bad and mediocre years seem to out
lush ones. One reason is that when times are good th
good, and another that the men in the business lov
ness heart and soul, because the early years, when the
it with very little money, were mostly good years, a
years the business made them what they are today: bi

There is another reason, too. That reason mak
the other lettuce lions look less like gamblers than
on the surface. It is that the produce business inc
other crops besides lettuce, and growing and shippin
produce—like carrots and beets and celery and bear
duce potentates hedge against their lettuce losses.
lettuce year does not necessarily indicate a loss year:
usually make up for the lettuce deficit. Peculiarly eno
constitute an important hedging factor these days. I
carrots are always good when lettuce is bad. And v

And so, while lettuce is certainly the dominant
Salinas-Watsonville region, it is not the decisive
Apart from how it affects the lettuce men, it does
have much influence on the economic life of the area
about 3500, sometimes more, native and native migr
ers employed in the business, plus several thousan
Mexicans, and these men and women, in packing pl
factories, cooling plants and some in the fields and
are called on jobs and get their pay regardless of how
turns out in the end. Last year, though a lettuce lo
best year in Salinas' economic history and unemploy
the lowest point ever.

Although they do not ordinarily affect the econ
the region as a whole, tough times in lettuce, wh
tumble many a marginal and incautious grower, and
hurt the bigger ones. And it is an irony of the lettu
that often, as Pete says, "you lose most when you p
because the best crop means the highest yield and
over-production.

Lettuce men, however much they may denounce
when competition grows hot, stick together in the
versity. Growers, on the verge of bankruptcy, are ofte
their fellow grower-shippers. And no strings atta
is one veteran lettuce man in Salinas who today e
young and small companies so they may get a start.
interest squatting on the loans, and if the young
make it, the old man takes the loss as part of the
sugar daddy is Bruce Church.

Personal contact, personal likes and dislikes, fa
men until they are proven dishonest, play a great

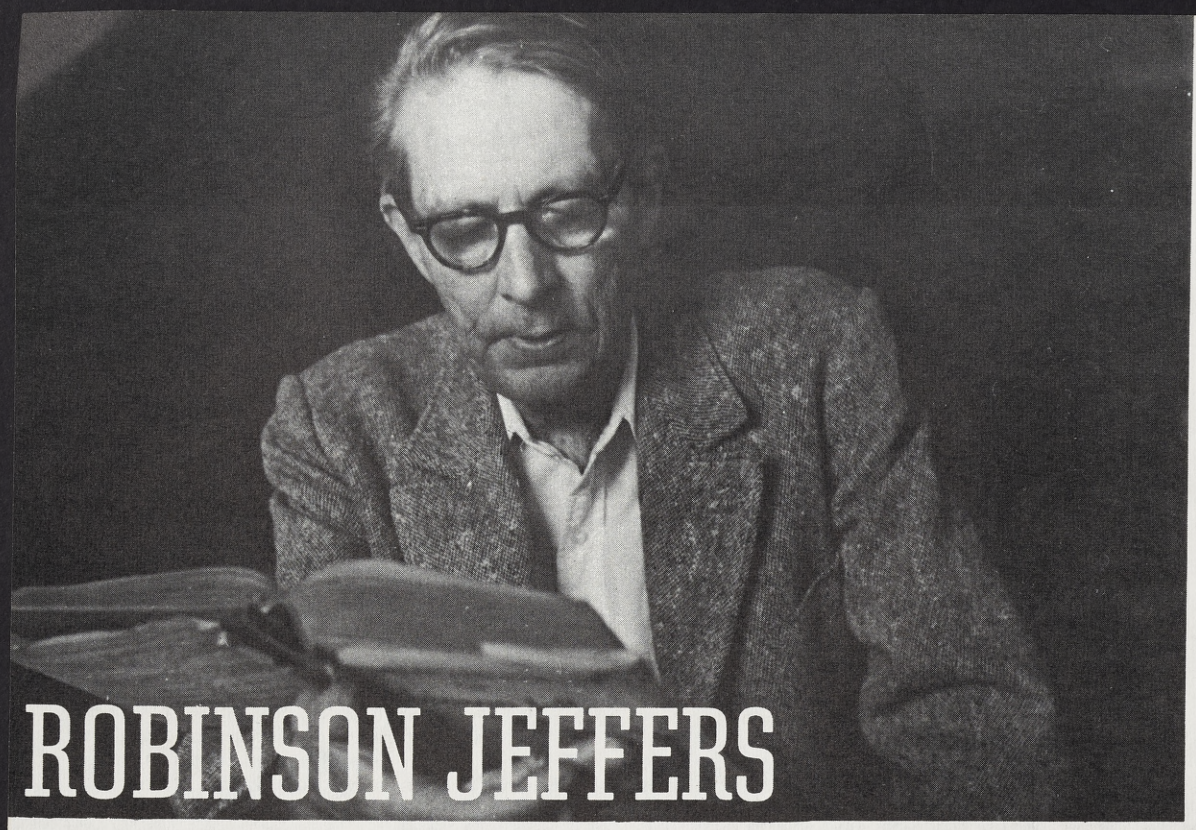
lettuce business. When the market is good, there is no selling to the highest bidder: once the prices are established for the various grades there is no haggling, and the lettuce men sell to those receivers who have stood by them and bought from them in the lean times.

Where, indeed, is another business in which so much faith is placed in man that deals, amounting to many thousands of dollars, are completed over the telephone with people 3,000 miles away whom the lettuce man has never heard of? These deals involve not a scrap of paper in evidence, making a law suit impossible. Yet, on the basis of a brief telephone call, a grower-shipper will consign many carloads of lettuce to a distant point, placing his faith in the good will and honesty of the guy he's just talked to.

Of course, the receivers better live up to their telephonic word. News gets around fast when they don't, and they'll never do business with Salinas again. There is a "Blue Book" listing the established receivers, indicating not only their credit and financial standing but also their character.

Credit is something, however, that lettuce men ordinarily would pay little attention to. It's a bank term, and bankers are not the friends of lettuce men.

Banks, being cautious, are of a different breed from the produce gamblers. They are of different mentalities and never the twain shall meet. Never indeed for lettuce men, while they



ROBINSON JEFFERS

Who values a hawk's life more than a man's
Is not without compassion for his kind.
What grows old in the tide's long funeral
And bloodies the enduring stone
Breaks here. If you have picked up
From these wild beaches no single pebble of pity,
Blame your own nature that shrinks
From fathoms where this plummet sounds—
The sea's too deep for it.

BY ERIC BARKER

portrait of a poet

Maybe poets don't make exciting copy, no matter how great they are.

Robinson Jeffers certainly is a great poet. One of the greatest living, in fact, as critics will agree.

But he doesn't make exciting copy, not with the kind of excitement the superficiality of a news account can dig.

He is a modest, quiet man. A shy man. Nothing splashy. No Daliesque poses. No Hemingwayan bluster. No Shawish unconventionality. He even admits to having voted Republican most of his life.

So?

You go to his house on Carmel Point, that job of native granite boulders, hidden in a forest of 2,000 trees he planted himself when he moved to Carmel in 1919. It's called the "Tor House"—because he built it on a rocky rise.

And he immediately destroys an illusion most Carmelites have: that he writes his verses in the little room on top of the stone tower that pokes out from the trees on his property.

Not so, he says. He writes in his room in the main house, upstairs. Only his wife used to write in the tower. That's where she took care of her correspondence.

Jeffers, now 68, is a reed of a man. He looks taller than his six feet because he is so thin. He weighs 140 pounds. When he was 30 he weighed 180, but he's been losing a couple of pounds every year since.

His strong face is as lean as his body: a long face topped by colorless grey hair that used to be a darkish brown; blue eyes bleached by time, sleepy-looking eyes under folded lids; a strong nose. He wears glasses now when he reads.

His skin isn't wrinkled the way it is on the faces of most older men. It looks like pale parchment that's been smoothed out after it was crumpled.

He rolls his own cigarettes around pipe tobacco and smokes them sagging and soggy. He smokes a lot. He doesn't worry

He gets up between 8 and 9, gets himself awake with three cups of coffee and four cigarettes and starts to work.

"I sit down," he says, "in my chair and think. If you sit in the chair long enough something will come to you that you can use."

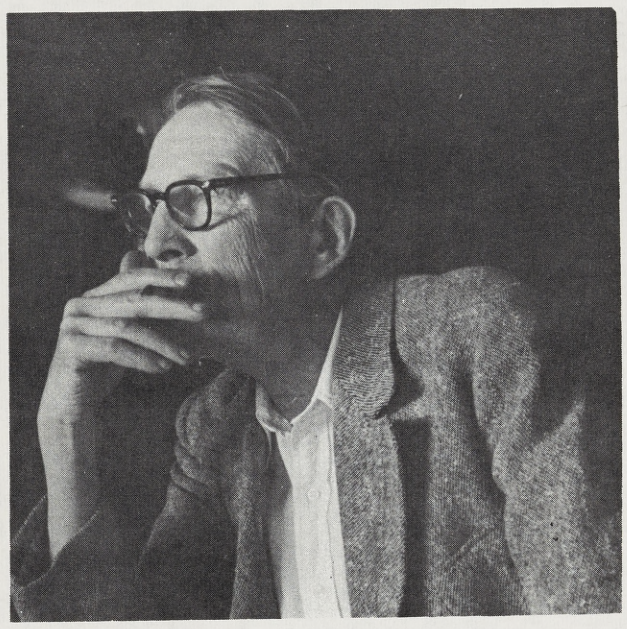
He works for three or four hours, accomplishes perhaps 10 to 20 lines of verse in that time. Then he has lunch. After lunch he used to work outdoors, about smoking and lung cancer. At his age, he says, you don't worry about such things any more.

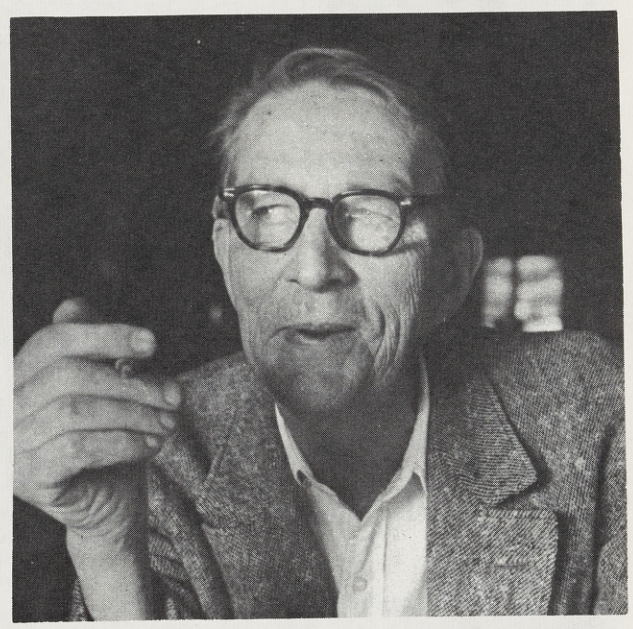
He is in good health, though he has a history of high blood pressure, something that kept him out of the Air Corps in World War I. He doesn't know if he still has high blood pressure. That doesn't worry him either.

His worries, concerns and interests are strictly limited and highly concentrated.

He is concerned with his work; his family—living with him are one of his two sons, Donnan, his daughter-in-law and two of his eight grand-children. And he is also concerned about the state of the world—worries about another war, unable to see how we can keep out of it since, unlike in our other wars, we are one of the protagonists, and yet emotionally unable to believe that such a horrible thing as the next war can come.

Robinson Jeffers follows a well-established routine.





now mostly reads detective novels, almost the only sort of fiction he is interested in.

"I used to read novels when I was a boy," he says. "But not now. I liked George Moore, the Irish novelist, and I liked the novels of Thomas Hardy. Moderns? I don't know. I've read some James Joyce but didn't get very far. It was very nice and interesting but didn't appeal to me very much."

What appeals to Jeffers is the narrative poem, the drama in verse, the kind of thing that he writes himself: humans and nature in action. His poetry, as everybody knows who has read it, reflects a deep

Jeffers, who says he has never done very much in his life except to write verses, has managed to get along because he had a small inheritance and because, eventually, he did get a small income from his work.

feeling for nature, especially the hills down the coast.

"If I could write," says Jeffers, "a long poem about a mountain without any people in it, it would interest me but not anybody else."

This statement must not be misinterpreted. Jeffers does not write for his audience though, naturally, he likes having his poetry read. His main joy lies in the accomplishment of whatever he is working on—once it goes into print he has "no sentiment" for it and his interest in the work is then largely financial.

Poetry, of course, has a rather limited audience, especially the austere poetry of Jeffers which, Brooks Atkinson has said has "relentless grandeur" and moves with "severe uncompromising style." It generally moves toward tragedy—another aspect not overly popular in our civilization. Not even Jeffers' sons have read his poetry. "I don't mind that," says the poet. "It would embarrass me if they did."

He did hit a jacketpot with his "Media," a free adaptation of Euripedes' drama which, with Judith Anderson as its star, had almost a year on Broadway after the war and enjoyed a triumphant tour of the country.

Another financial success may be in store for Jeffers in the near future. Another play after Euripides, "The Cretan Woman" adapted from "Hippolytus," is currently playing in New York, has gotten rave reviews and been contracted for a Broadway production.

His books of poetry have slow but continuing sales that trickle on for years and years. The Modern Library sells at least 1,000 copies a year of "Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems," his first truly successful work which was published in 1925, but the sales are only worth 5 cents a copy to the author.

Jeffers' latest work, "Hungerfield and Other Poems," published like his other works by Random House, has enjoyed a good sale for a work of poetry since it came out early last year, and Jeffers is now working on another long narrative poem, as yet untitled.

So, unlike in his younger years, Jeffers today leads a quiet, mostly sedentary life. "I've gone on strike," he says, referring to the work he used to do, building and planting, and he doesn't take the walks in the hills of the coast anymore, as he used to do.

He lives, protected by his family, in peaceful semi-isolation. His daughter-in-law, Lea, keeps out earnest young admirers who would like him to tell them how to put verses together. A great many of these come periodically and the pretty young matron's protection is necessary because the poet himself "wouldn't have the guts to tell them no" though he knows "it's no good to give them advice. Everyone has to write in his own way."

This interview was obtained before Jeffers left for a short visit to Ireland.

Edward Weston

-- A Half Century of Photography

A couple of months ago Carmel's R.F.D. postman Jake May found a letter from France in his pouch, addressed to "The First Photographer in the World." Jake had to read no more. He knew this letter was meant for the venerable Edward Weston of Wildcat Hill.

Edward Weston, at 78, America's elder lensman, is not only one of Jake's most distinguished clients down Carmel Highlands way; he is one of the most distinguished residents of the Monterey Peninsula, one of those people whose presence in the area has helped to endow it with a reputation for being an unusual place inhabited by unusual and outstanding people.

Weston has been an on-and-off resident of the area since 1929. The coast here has become part of his work and thereby part of America's photographic heritage. By the same token, he has become part of the coast. Nobody conscious of photography as an art form can think of Point Lobos without thinking of Weston at the same time.

Fame and greatness sometimes do peculiar things to people.

Already Weston is a legend rather than a man: he's the artist who discovered the nude in nature, the photographer who moved his camera right on top of his subject and thus bared new beauties of close-up textures in such things as cabbage leaves, eroded rocks, decapitated artichokes and assorted fragments of the female anatomy. Some people even think he's the inventor of the Weston exposure meter—which he isn't. The similarity of names is strictly a coincidence.

His being a legend to photography-conscious people all over the world is abetted by the tragic fact that he hasn't taken any pictures for five years and probably never will again.

For the better part of a decade now Weston has been a victim of Parkinson's disease.

There is a dreadful finality about this disorder, and the man who once, as a matter of necessary routine, managed to take hand-held pictures with a good-size camera at one tenth of a second, today shakes uncontrollably at the slightest nervous excitement.

Much as he suffers from this affliction that turns the slightest movement into a tremendous effort, Weston takes it with courage and a sense of humor. Not long ago, walking downhill with his son Cole, he couldn't stop his legs from shuffling along like those of a little automatic walking man long after he wanted them to stop. "Cole," he said breathlessly after he finally got his limbs under control, "looks like I've got to have my brakes relined."

Because of his difficulties Weston hardly ever leaves his house in Wildcat Canyon anymore. He lives on a piece of property shared by his third-born son Neil, 42, in a little rough-hewn cottage that cost him $1100 to build in 1938. In the house with him lives a young man who cooks his meals and takes care of him. The young man, usually glommed

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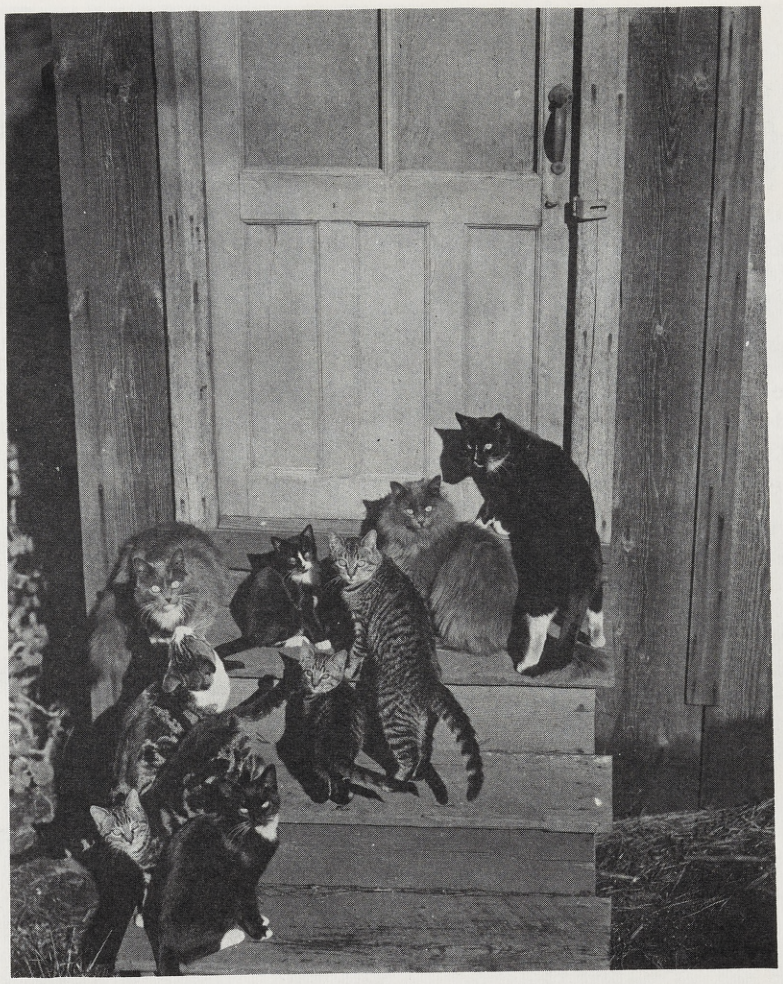
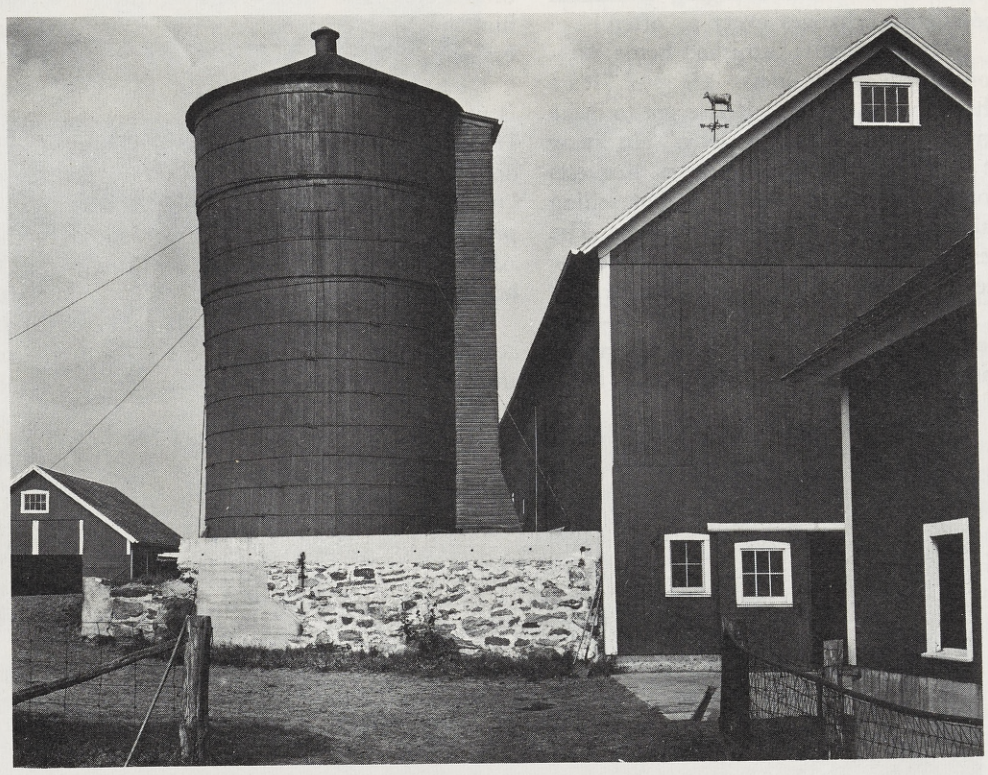




Photos are Connecticut farm, Weston's cats and Lake Tenaya, California. On opposite page is Coolidge Dam, Arizona.

A Half Century of Photography

from Carmel's ever-changing Bohemian population, changes every so often.

In this meagerly-furnished home Weston attends to "business." He says' "It's a shame but the trouble is I've got to make my living out of photography." His living is in the sale of his old pictures. Requests come in the mail every day. But selling takes only part of his working time. The rest is absorbed in keeping his files of negatives and prints in good shape..

There are more than 500 prints—each one a work of craftsman's perfection—in the closets and cupboards of the little house. Weston's trembling hands locate them with certainty, reaching for them with nonchalance past spiderwebs that support gleaming hour-glass bodies of Black Widows. Weston does nothing about these poisonous pals. "I've lived among Black Widows all my life," he says, "and they've never hurt me."

Weston's negatives are kept in a fireproof asbestos shack behind the house. The shack was built recently, fulfilling an old wish of the photographer. White of hair, his face unlined despite his age, the old lensman looks out on this shack with satisfaction mirrored in his clear, brown eyes. The shack spells security for him: his life's work will not be destroyed easily.

Like any other creative person, Weston is proud of his work and likes to show it. He doesn't like to show too much of if at once, however, like the time when he "made a mistake" and exhibited 260 prints in a New York Museum of Modern Art one-man show. "That's too tiring," he says. "People get saturated."

But in the prints in his closets, the negatives in his shack, the books, folios and critiques on his shelves, lies the record of an outstanding life of productivity that spanned two generations—50 years.

This life, among other accomplishments, has brought these tangible achievements:

Weston has published—and illustrated—some nine books of photography, including a 1932 limited-printing collector's item, one of whose copies sold recently for $100.

He has probably had more widely-acclaimed one-man shows than any other photographer. He's had shows just about every important place between Mexico City (where his work was first recognized) and Vancouver, between New York and San Francisco, between Shanghai and Paris.

(His one-man shows will be climaxed next year with an exhibition of 100 prints at the Smithsonian Institute. After showing in Washington, the exhibition will tour the country.)

Weston broke the ice for photographers with the Guggenheim Foundation in 1937. He was the first member of his craft to be awarded a fellowship.

He holds the unique distinction of once selling $2,400 worth of pictures from a single sitting. The sale took three minutes. The customer, of course, was rich. He was an oil magnate, W. A. Clark, Jr.

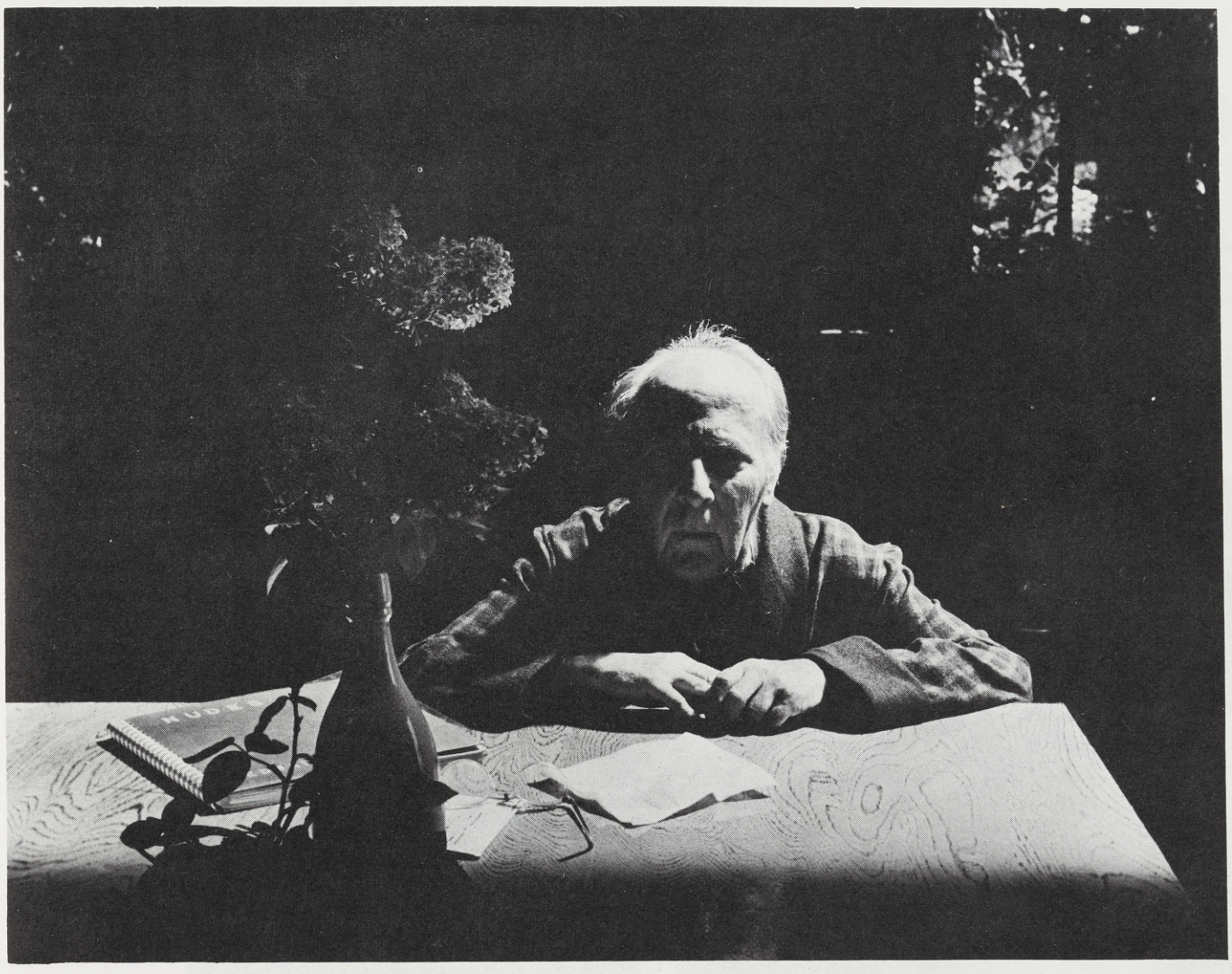
Weston was born March 24, 1886 in Highland Park, Illinois, son of a physician. Like most Americans he forsook his hometown in his adulthood. Young Weston started his career as an errand boy in Chicago, then moved to Tropico, California, (now called Glendale) where he began taking pictures with a postcard camera.

For the first few years he photographed everything from babies to funerals, as long as it paid. He found it a pleasant way to make a living.

In 1909, he was married to his first wife, Flora, mother of his four sons. Mrs. Flora Weston, a retired school teacher, also lives in Carmel. Though they have been divorced for many years they are good friends.

The Westons had some good years there, in southern California. The oldest boy, Chandler, who looks most like his father, was born in 1910. Chandler lives in Los Angeles now, is already a grandfather at 46. Brett, following in his father's footsteps as a photographer of distinction, was born in 1911. He is now in the East on magazine assignments. Neil was born in 1914. Youngest of the boys is Cole, 37, who operates a trout farm at Garrapata Creek off the Big Sur Highway south of Carmel. He is also a good photographer, but does not take photography as seriously as his father and Brett.

In 1923 Weston left Los Angeles and went to Mexico. He stayed there for three years. It was during this time that he turned from just another photographer into the master he has been ever since. It was then that Weston focused his camera



Edward Weston, Photographer . . . photo by George Bush. Below, home on Wildcat Hill.

A Half Century of Photography

on people for unposed portraits, that he discovered patterns in clouds, rocks and still life.

From that time on, Weston worked commercially no more than was absolutely necessary to keep his family in food and himself in film, paper and chemicals.

"An artist's life is not easy," he says now, "even when he reaches the point that he is famous. When I got money the first thing I always did was pay my bills. That way I kept my credit good. I didn't eat until after I paid the bills. I always had to buy photo supplies before food—or else I'd be cut off from any sort of revenue."

Cole distinctly remembers his father's "vegetable phase." Those were the years when Weston moved his eight by ten view camera in on all kinds of edible weeds. The era produced such famous Weston studies as Cabbage Leaf, Chinese Cabbage, Pepper No. 30, Pepper No. 35, Squash, Artichoke Halved.

What Cole remembers best about it, of course, is that the family had to eat the vegetables after the photographer was through with them.

Actually Weston did not mind this much. He has always been a dietary fadist to some extent and vegetables fitted right in with the picture. Even today the photographer, who recently broke himself of the tobacco and coffee habits, credits his unusually hardy resistance to irresistible Parkinson's Disease to his preference for simple, nutritious foods. He buys raw, unshelled nuts wholesale by the 25-pound can, likes to make a meal of nuts, bananas, dates and avocados.

In 1928, Edward Weston moved to San Francisco with Brett and they briefly operated a portrait studio together. This was Brett's start in his father's business, and Edward was proud of Brett though his pride was mixed with some anxiety: he knew the difficulties of a photographer's life. Not only that, however. "I knew," says Edward, "that he would have a hard time bucking me."

Brett had a hard time, all right, especially since his style is much like Edward's, but today Brett is well on the way to becoming as famous as his father.

In 1929 Edward Weston moved his portrait studio to Carmel. "I was successful," he says. "I ate." The W.P.A. helped out a little with the eating in 1933, and then in 1935 Weston moved to Santa Monica. Three years later he married his second wife, daughter of the late Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Ruggles of Red Gap."

With his second wife, from whom he is now also divorced, Edward collaborated on one of his finest and most successful books, "California and the West." Weston took the pictures. Mrs. Weston wrote the text. The year after Duell, Sloan & Pearce published the book (1940), Weston moved once more to Carmel. He's lived there ever since.

Before illness came to the photographer his vivaciousness was almost proverbial among his friends. He was a fancy dancer who improvised for anybody willing to watch. He was the life of the party wherever he went, and he took great pleasure in administering subtle stabs with his quietly-clever tongue.

To a publisher whose printer made the grave error of turning one of his pictures upside down, he wrote a letter of praise, commending him for the way he had handled the photography. "But why," he wrote, "was the rest of the book printed upside down?"

A woman once wrote to him concerning one of the views he had photographed in Los Padres National Forest. "Where can I buy some of that wonderful, wonderful land?" she queried. "You already own it," he answered.

Weston's eye for form and composition is unique. Cole tells the story of how he and his father went to Point Lobos a few years ago, picture hunting. Cole framed a composition in his view plate—but wasn't quite satisified with it. He asked Edward what he thought was wrong. Edward merely twirled the camera from horizontal to vertical. He moved it in no other way: and it became one of his most famous pictures.

Edward Weston's most monumental work—a portfolio of 12 pictures chosen by him as his best work—was published privately in 1951 at the insistence of his sons on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary in the field of photography.

The portfolio was printed in an edition of 100 copies. This necessitated 1200 perfect, individual photographic prints and mountings. These were made under Edward's supervision by Cole and Brett, working alongside the photographer couple Morley and Frances Baer.

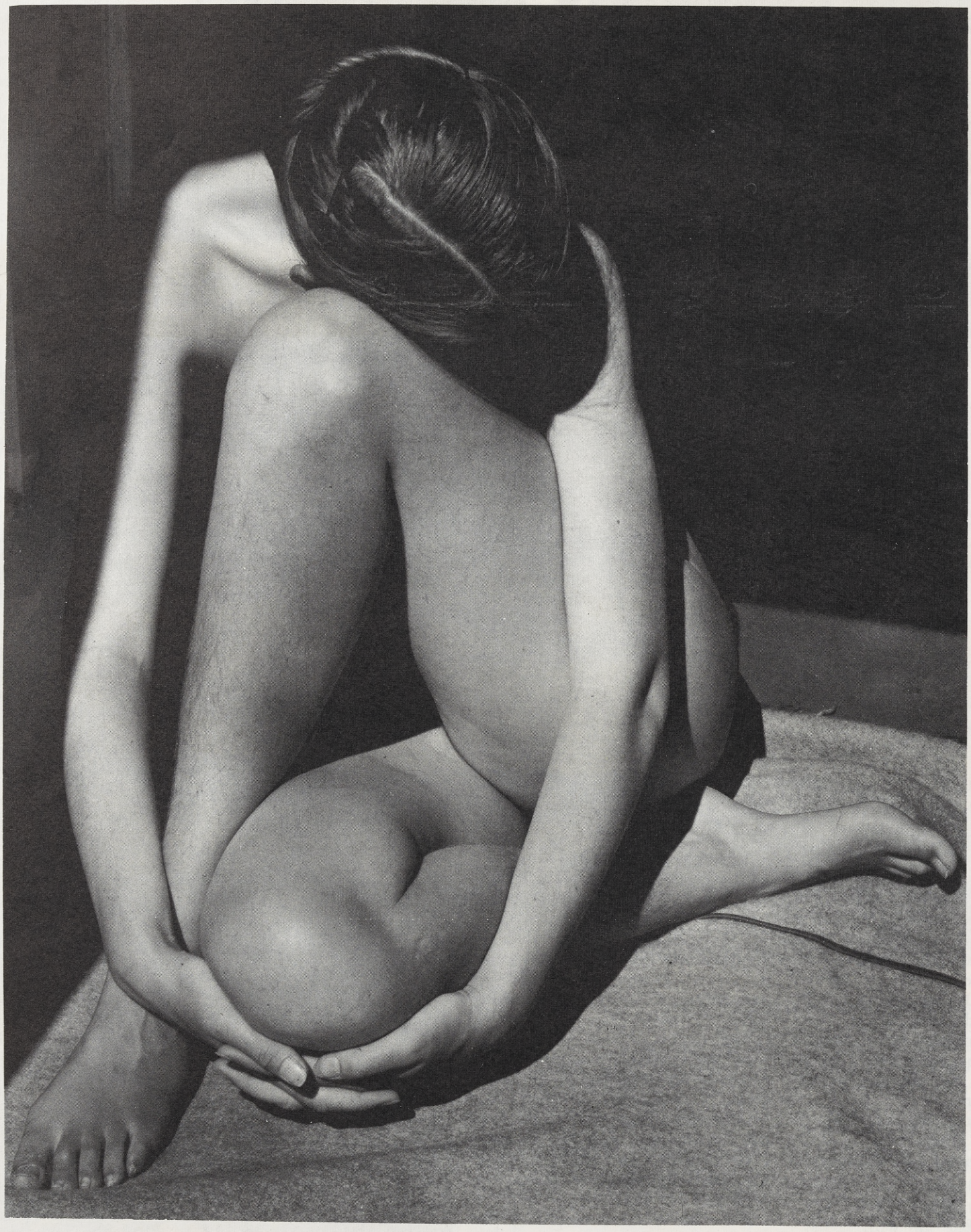
Twenty-six invitations were sent out, asking people to subscribe to the work. Twenty-three responded. At $100 apiece, this covered the cost of this ambitious production. Occasional copies have been selling ever since, but Edward still has some left. Someday, we would guess, they'll be worth a fortune.

Edward Weston, who once had so little regard for some of his work that he scraped the emulsion off several of his prize-winning plates because he needed glass for window panes, has come to these conclusions, among others, about photography:

"It is the most important graphic medium of our day. It is like any other art form: it draws from your inner life. Its expression is determined by the inner life of the photographer.

"One must prevision and feel—before exposure—the finished print. Developing and printing merely carry out the photographer's original conception.

"If there is symbolism in my work, it can only be the seeing of parts, fragments as universal symbols. I have had a back taken for a pear, knees for shell forms, a squash for a flower, and rocks for everything imaginable. All basic forms are so closely related as to be visually equivalent." ***



EDWARD WESTON

CARMEL BEACH (above) from the Pebble Beach golf course. Below, the difficult 16th hole at the Cypress Point Golf Course. Photos by Julian P. Graham.

WHERE GOLF IS KING

Crosby drives one.

WHERE GOLF IS KING

Pebble Beach and the Monterey Peninsula's claim to golf capitol of the world is built on some solid facts.

During the past, it has played host to most of the major golf tournaments of the United States—including the National Open, the Crosby Pro-Amateur, Trans-Mississippi, the California State Amateur. Two, the Bing Crosby and the California State Amateur, have regular annual berths here. The Crosby in January and the State in September.

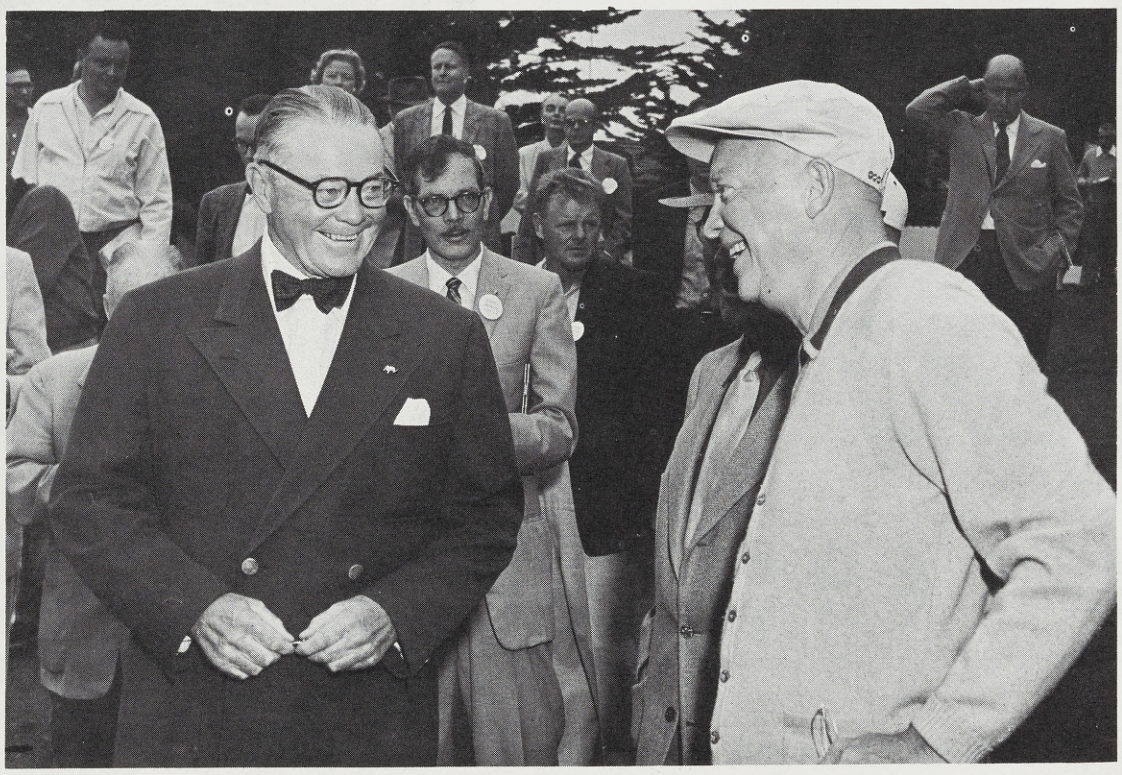
At other times the Peninsula's six courses are kept active by the famed as well as the Sunday golfers. In 1956 President Eisenhower (see pic below with Del Monte Properties' President Samuel Morse) chose the Cypress Point Country Club as vacation headquarters following the Republican National Convention.

Of all the tournaments, the most colorful is probably the Crosby tournament. It attracts the top names in golf as well as famous athletes and movie stars. Bing Crosby picks up the chits for the tournament costs and the proceeds are given to charity.

Of the six courses here the most prominent are the three in the Pebble Beach area: Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Among the most difficult courses in the world they are a real challenge to the golf-minded.

Some of the spectacular holes are shown in the strip on the right. Top two depict the seventh and eighth holes at Pebble. Next is the fabulous sixteenth at Cypress Point which requires teeing off across the ocean for 222 yards. The bottom shows the tree lined fairway of the eighth at Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

Top left picture shows the Cypress Point Country Club where President Eisenhower stayed after renomination.



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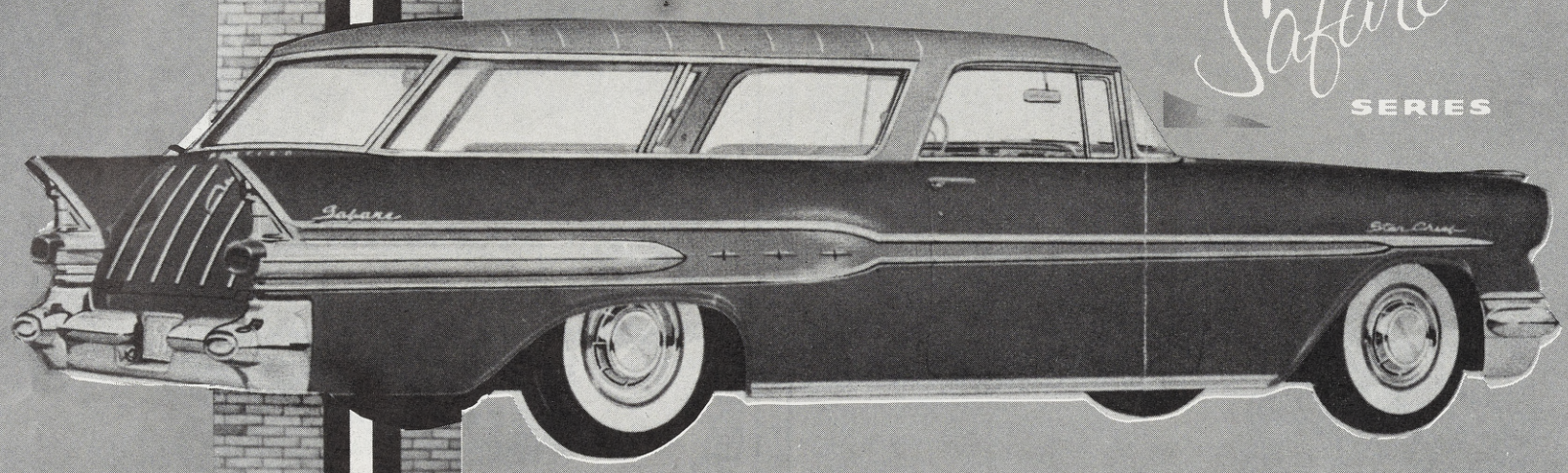

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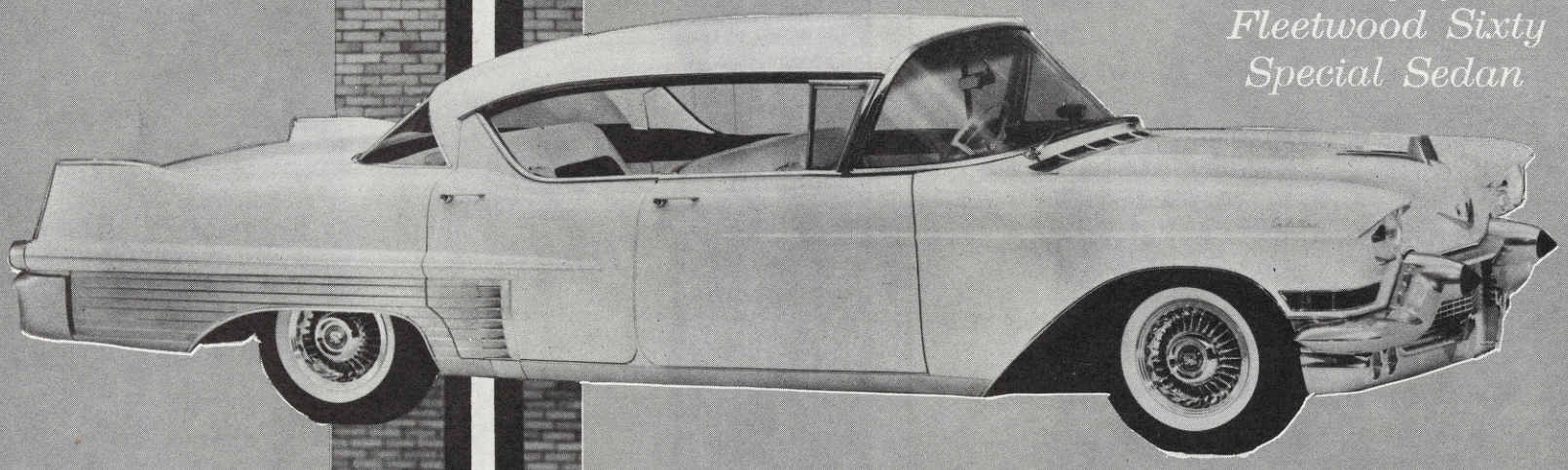

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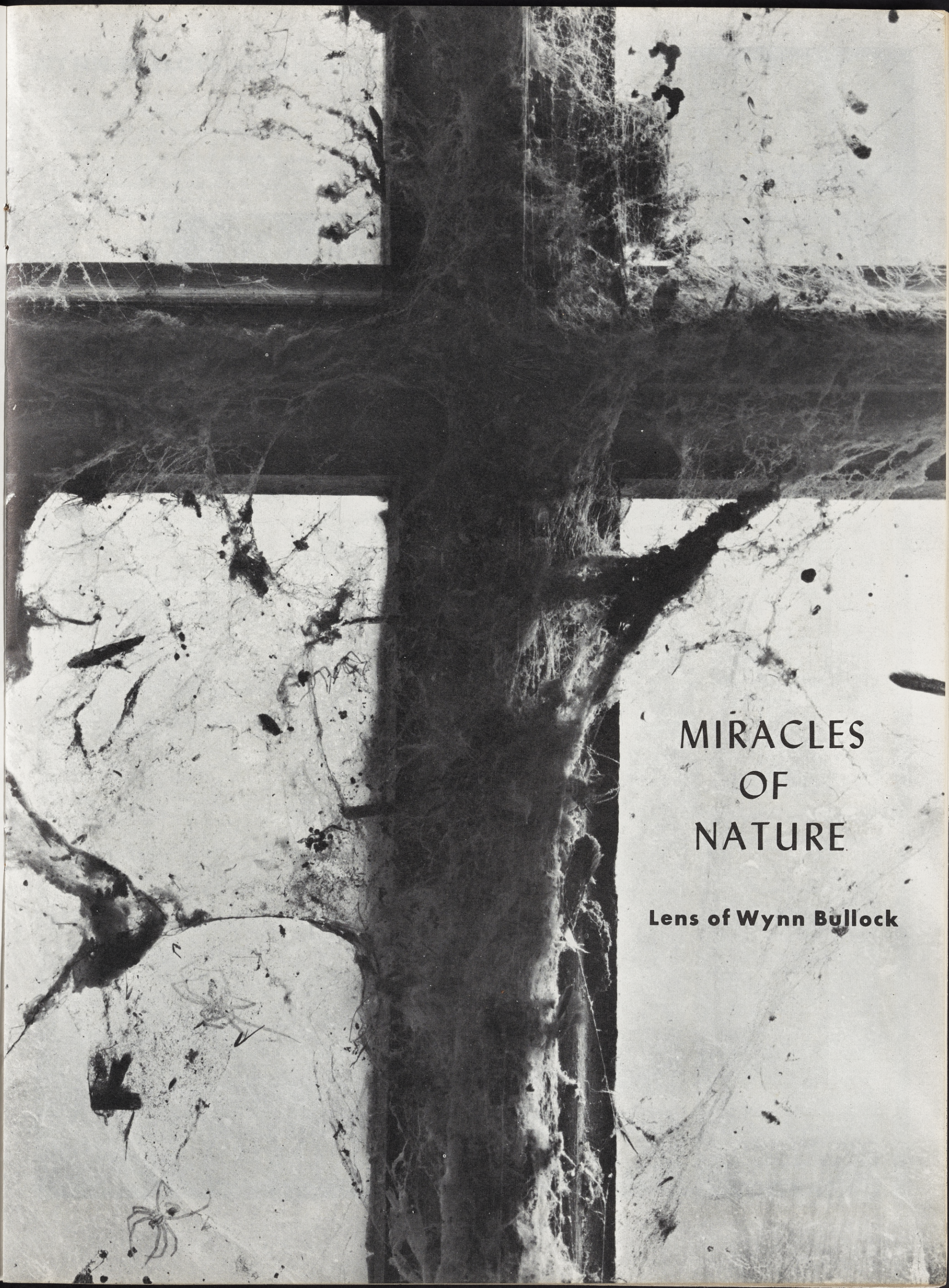
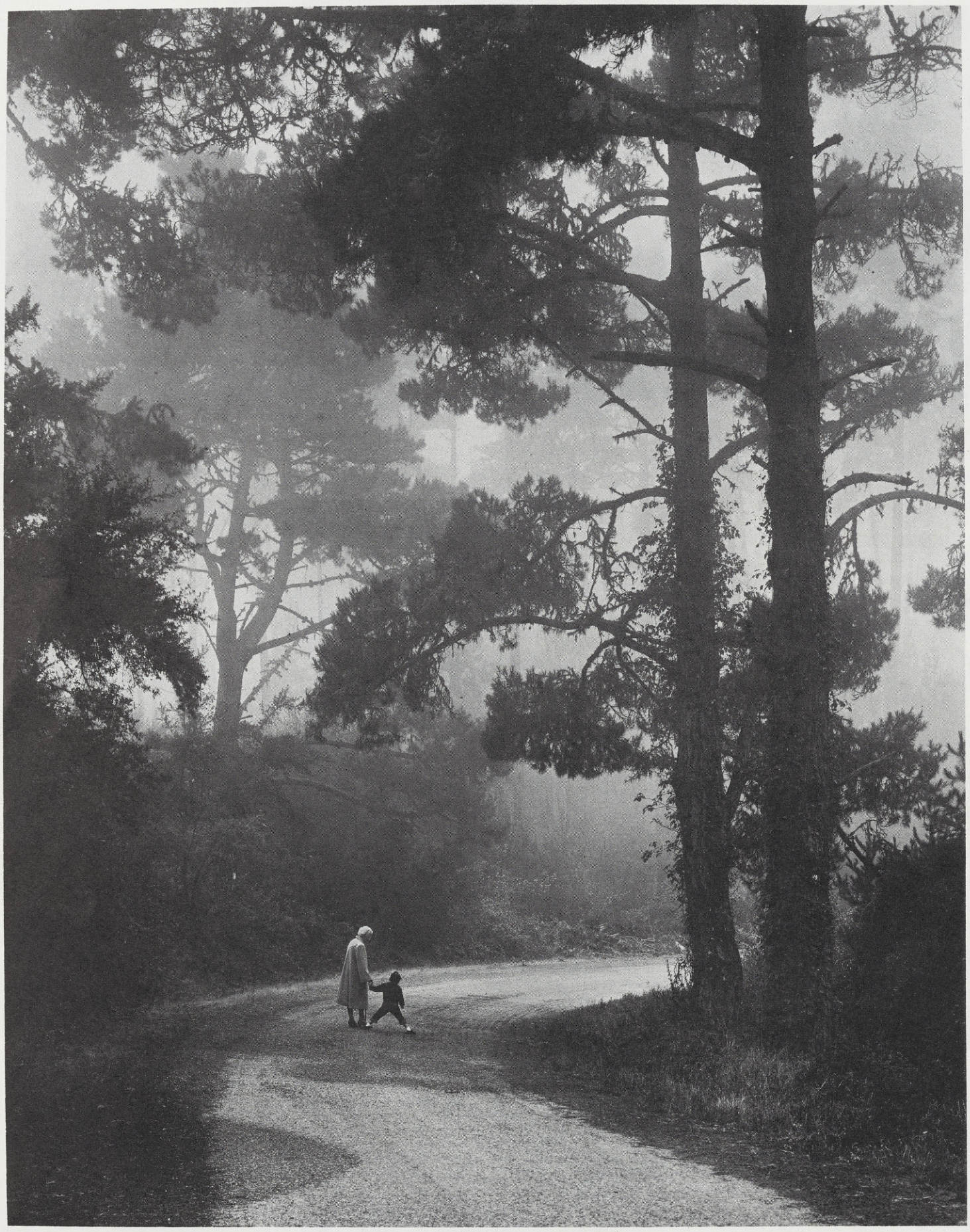


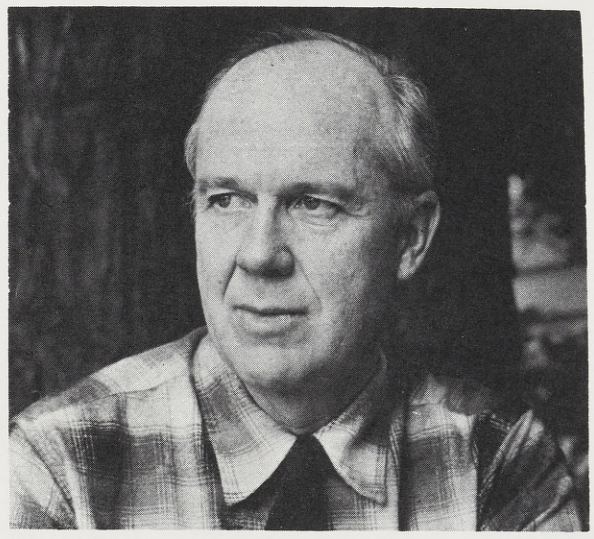
MIRACLES OF NATURE

Lens of Wynn Bullock



WALK IN THE FOREST

WYNN BULLOCK -- Miracles of Nature



What is Wynn Bullock after?

To say that he is one of the great creative photographers of this generation is not enough.

Many of the professionals of photography have a special meaning of the word creative relating only to art photography. We feel that all forms of photography done well demand creativeness.

Bullock is more versatile and flexible than many photographers, having a proficiency in small and large cameras; ability to run the gamut from art pieces to action, to fashion; to meet specific requirements if need be.

But the special niche that he is after and that separates and distinguishes him is in the field of art photography that he likes best.

When he hauls out his big, 20-year-old, 8 x 10 view camera, he is out to transcend time, to portray understanding, to present totality in itself. The timeless-mystic quality of his work, that will be understandable as long as human life exists, is his stamp of individuality and greatness.

Bullock finds that nature is his best element. Here, whether it be man or other forces of nature, they have been around a long time and are understood by all of us.

It would be easy to tell his story by going back into our files and picking a hundred pictures that Bullock has done for us and later went on to gain further national recognition with.

But instead we decided to try for an article on "Miracles of Nature" based principally on brand new and recent work as much as possible.

Incidentally, this too shows another facet of the Bullock personality. He is a tremendous producer. He is not one to rest on past laurels, no matter how many heart breaking hours lie ahead in the field, or in the dark room, or in the ruthless demands of an editor.

Within these eight pages Bullock has tried to portray the meaning he is after and we within our small scope are trying to explain what is more readily apparent on viewing.

But bear these suggestions in mind. The imaginative, cobweb ridden cross that opens this photo essay has a symbolic appeal which you will have to interpret. In design alone it is a beautiful picture, one of a timeless equation. Walk in the Forest and Child in the Forest on these opposing pages too have that timeless value.

The nude on the following page shows the Bullock technique of not just taking a subject but blending that subject into an environmental background. The ghost tree forest at midnight is a classic that all of us have experienced, but which took endless hours of dark room work to produce.

The termite vermiculation on a redwood tree that resembles Egyptian hieroglyphics makes an unusual pattern study. Bullock seldom goes in for patterns alone unless there is a definite environmental relationship of meaning. For example the charred chair in a burnt out room and the other self-explanatory photos that follow the termite art.

The last page is a Big Sur scenic that captures the ocean, the mountains and the clouds plus something else that maybe you but not I can explain.

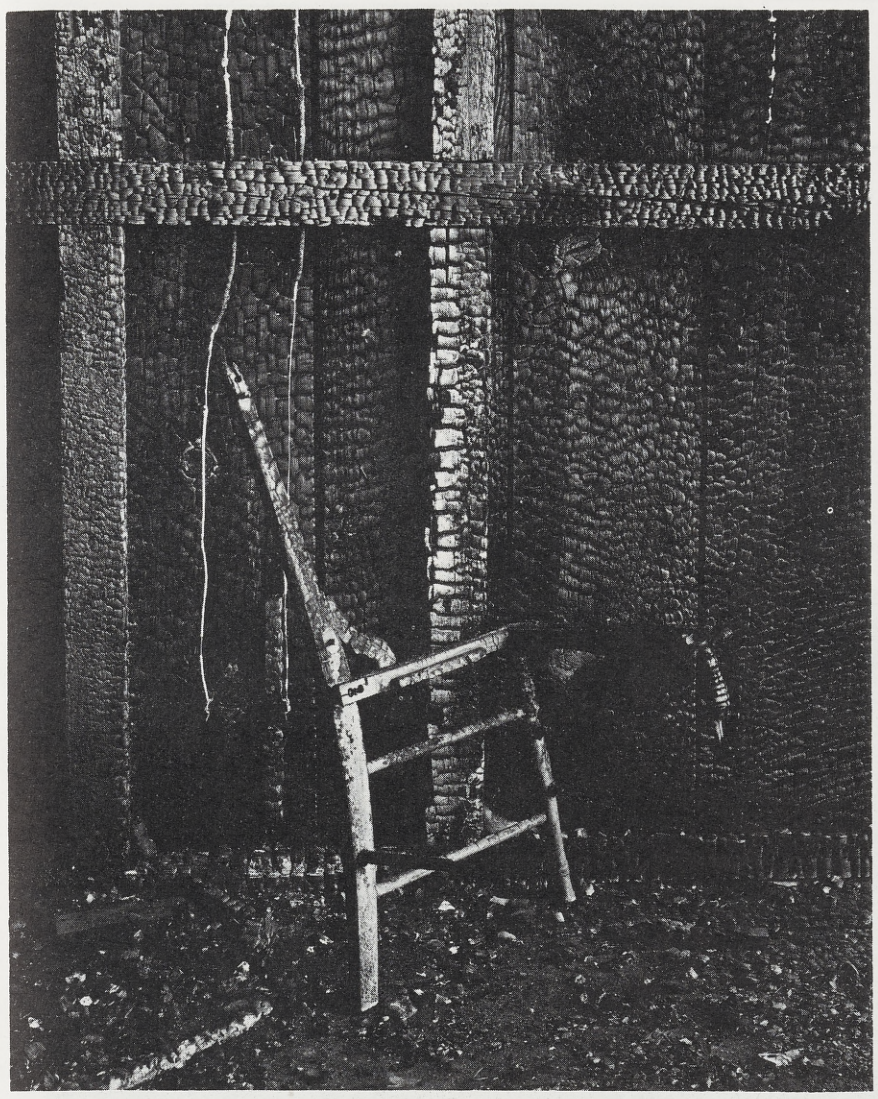
CHILD IN THE FOREST

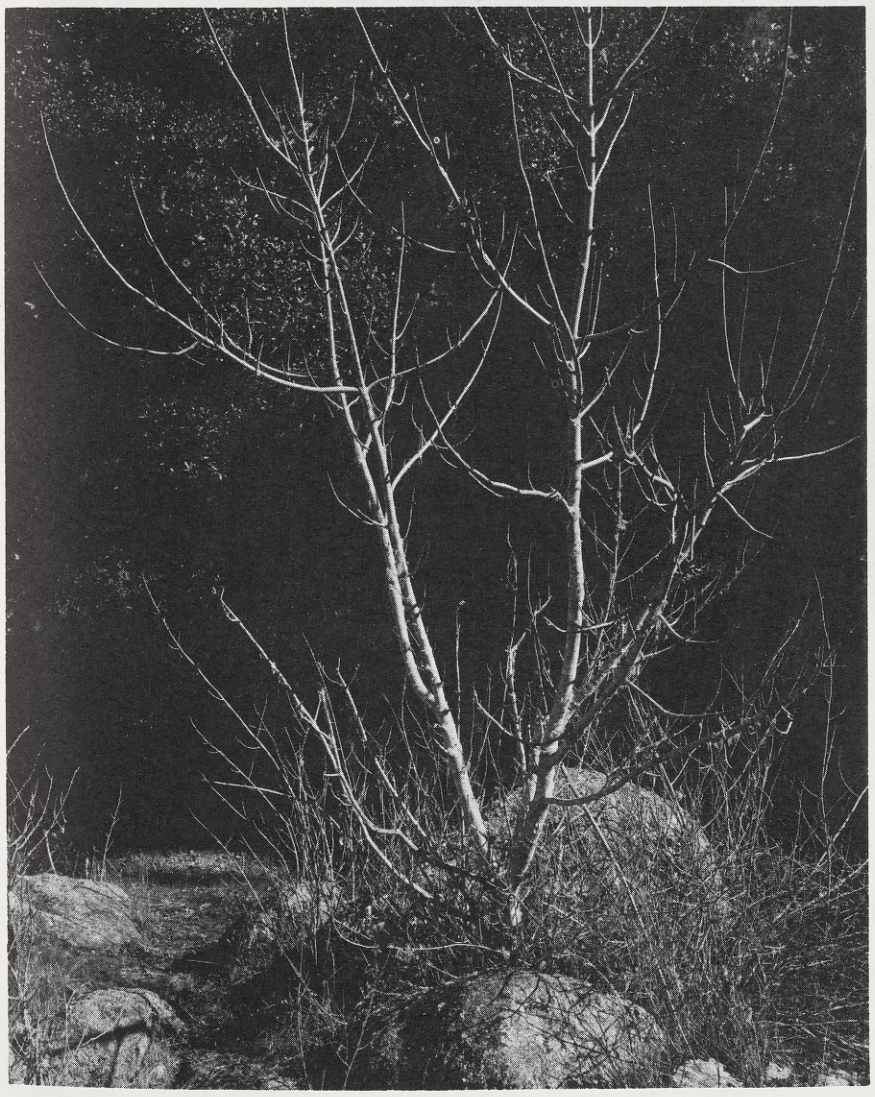
REPOSE

NATURE'S GHOSTS

TERMITE ART WORK

THIS PICTURE IS THE HANDICRAFT OF TERMITES ON A REDWOOD TREE AT BIG SUR.





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RESOURCES	
Cash on Hand and in Banks	$ 297,837,454.86
U. S. Government Obligations	371,653,144.88
State, County, and Municipal Bonds	57,644,036.60
Other Bonds and Securities	25,427,683.68
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	2,400,000.00
Loans and Discounts	839,660,477.68
Bank Premises and Equipment	14,020,376.88
Other Real Estate	1.00
Customers' Liability under Acceptances	1,616,151.45
Accrued Interest Receivable and Other Assets	10,095,128.76
Total Resources	$1,620,354,455.79

LIABILITIES		
Deposits		$1,486,912,467.53
Acceptances Outstanding		1,632,733.95
Reserve for Unearned Discount		14,021,203.81
Reserve for Interest, Taxes, etc.		8,967,248.72
Other Liabilities		3,023,168.69
Capital Funds:		
Capital Stock ($10.00 par value)	$27,812,500.00	
Surplus	52,187,500.00	
Undivided Profits	25,797,633.09	105,797,633.09
Total Liabilities		$1,620,354,455.79

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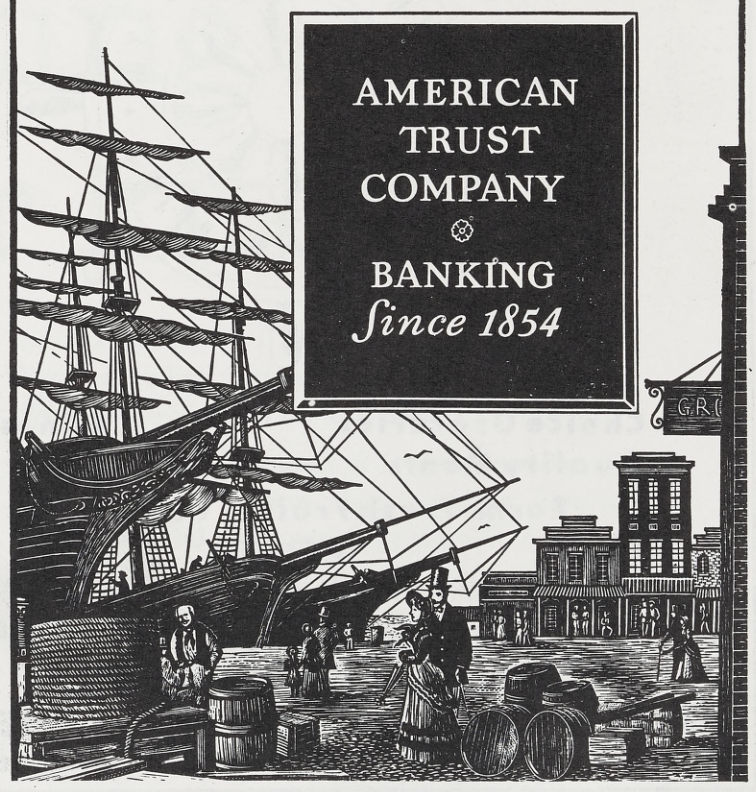

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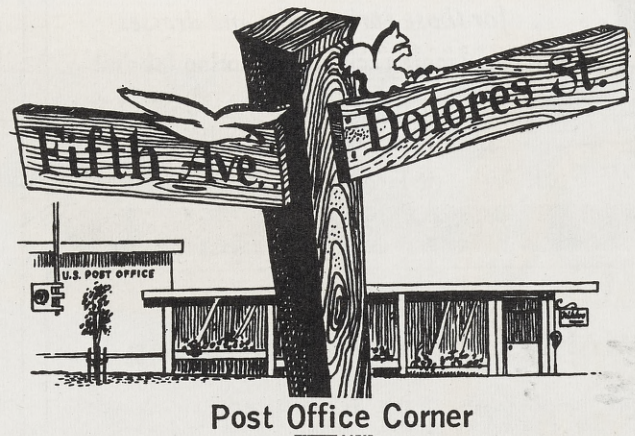

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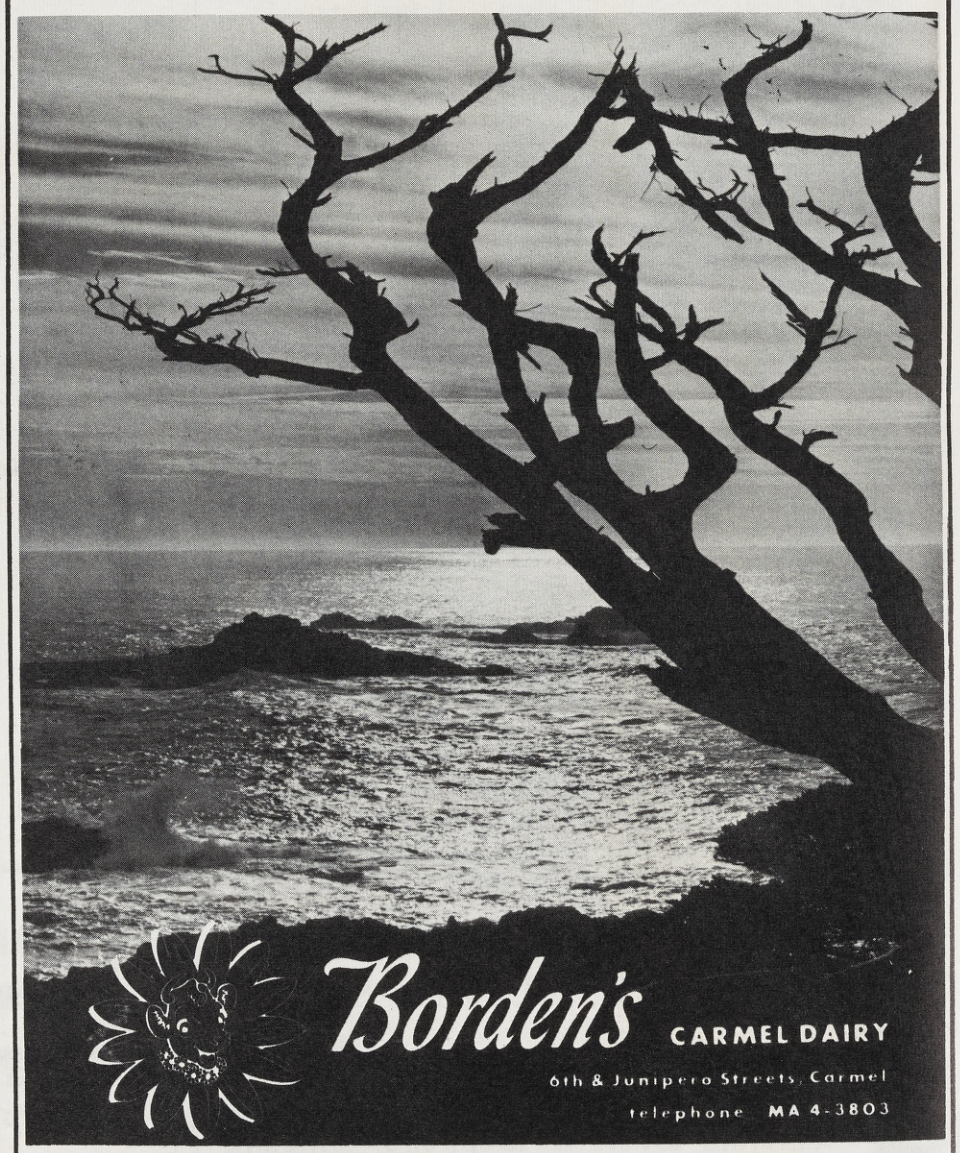

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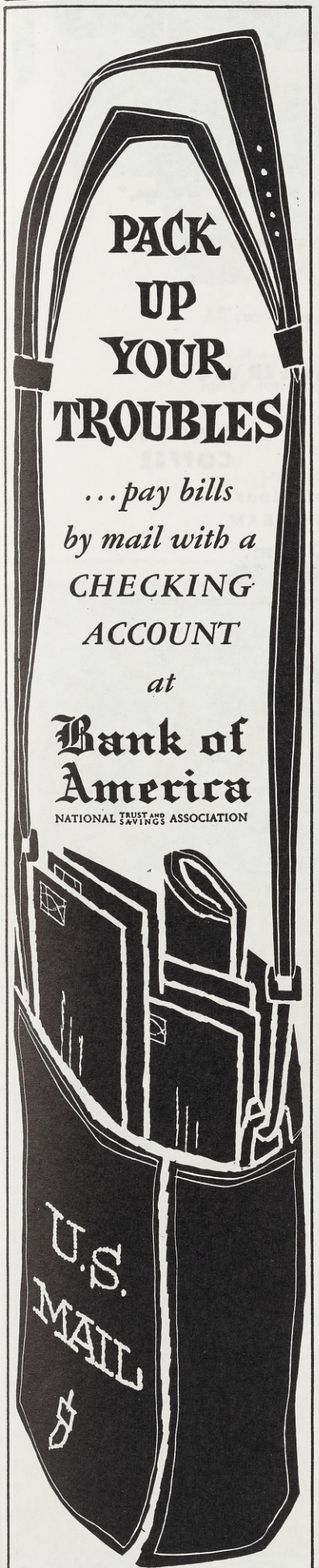

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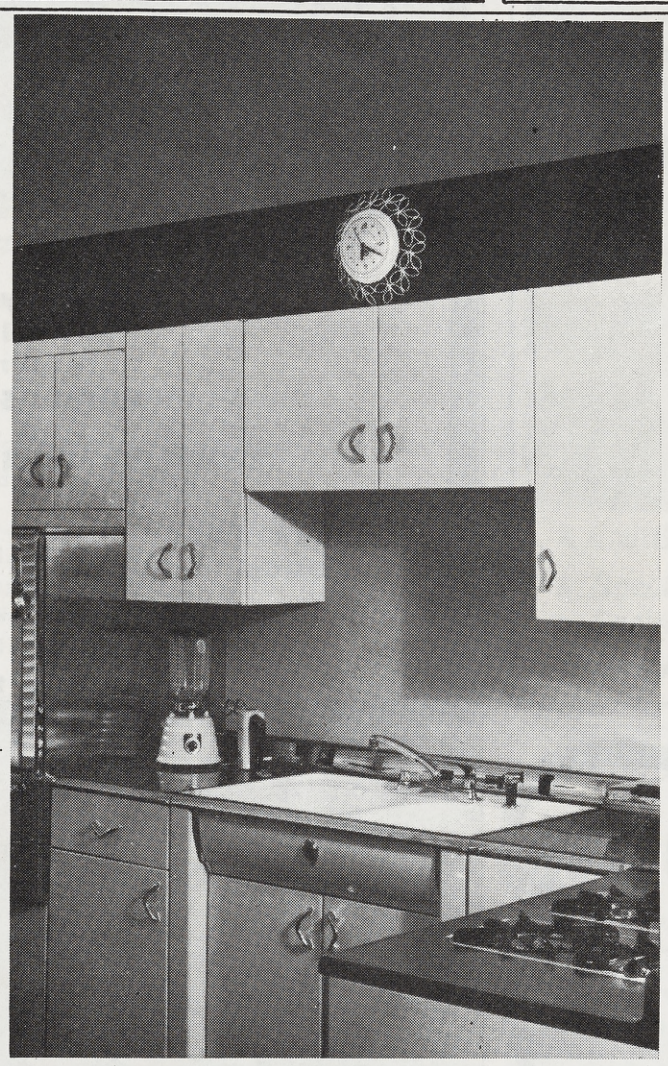

With *poor* light, kitchen is drab, dreary

With *proper* light, kitchen is bright, cheery

Try this lighting recipe in your kitchen

Ingredients: Soft, diffused, glare-free light, properly placed to lighten your work, brighten your life. Mix in these proportions for the average kitchen:

Counter lighting: One 24-inch 20-watt fluorescent lamp for each four feet of counter space.

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Ceiling light: Fluorescent or incandescent lamps, in recessed or modern close-to-ceiling fixtures, spread cheerful light over the entire kitchen.

Tested lighting recipes for *every* room in your home are available in the free booklet, "See Your Home in a New Light." Ask P. G. and E. for your free copy.

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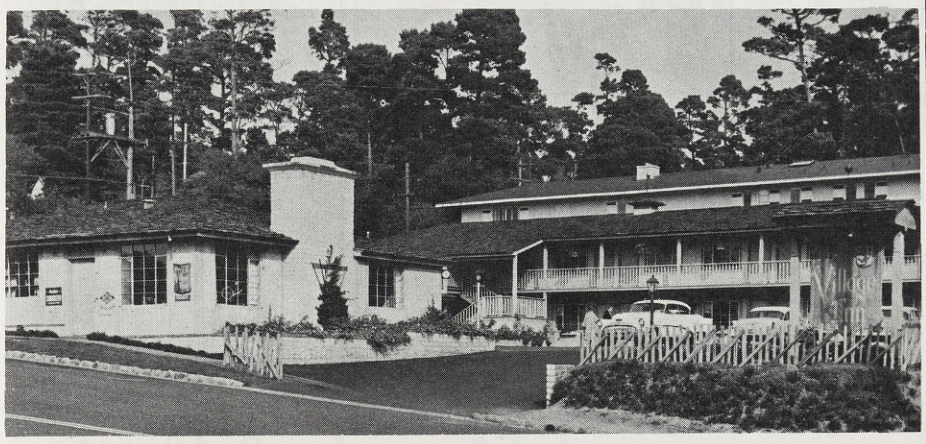

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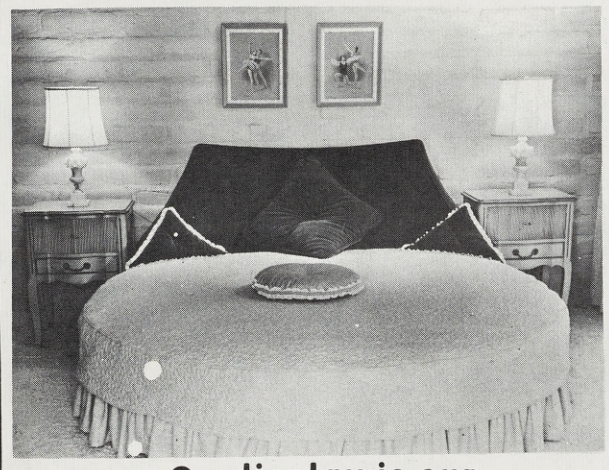

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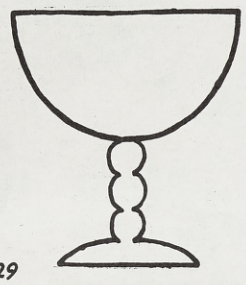

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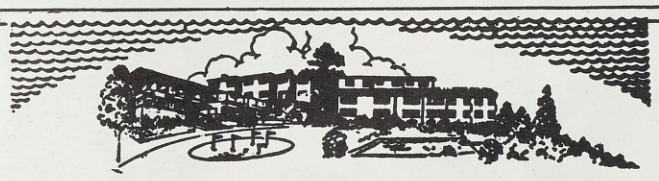

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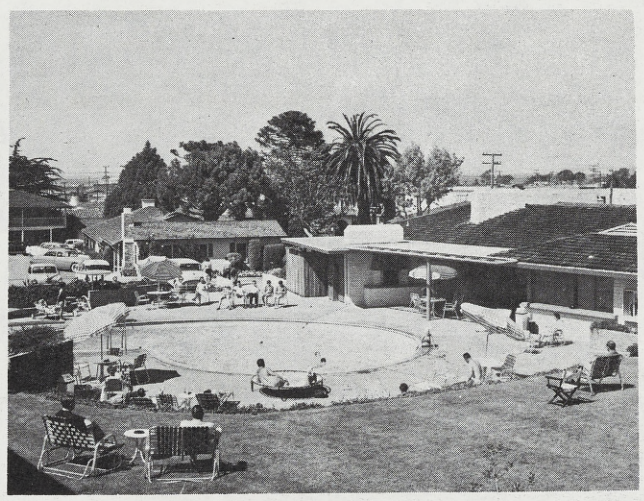

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South Carmel Hills enjoys one of the lowest tax rates in Monterey County, only $4.36 (1956-57) per $100 of assessed valuation. Compare this with other areas. Taxes paid to July 1, 1957 on all lots.

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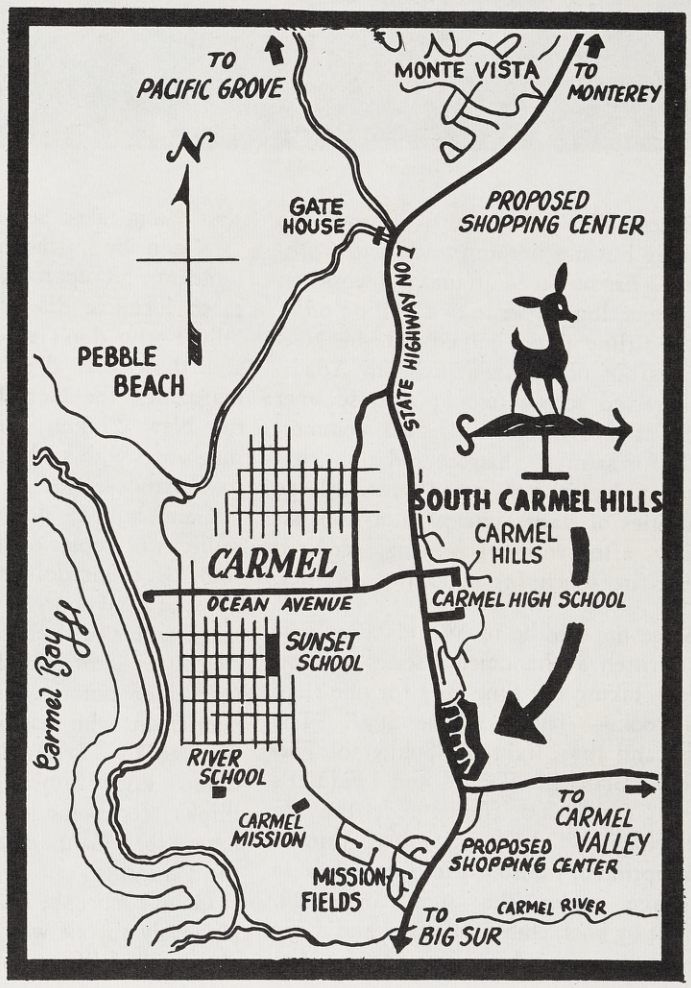

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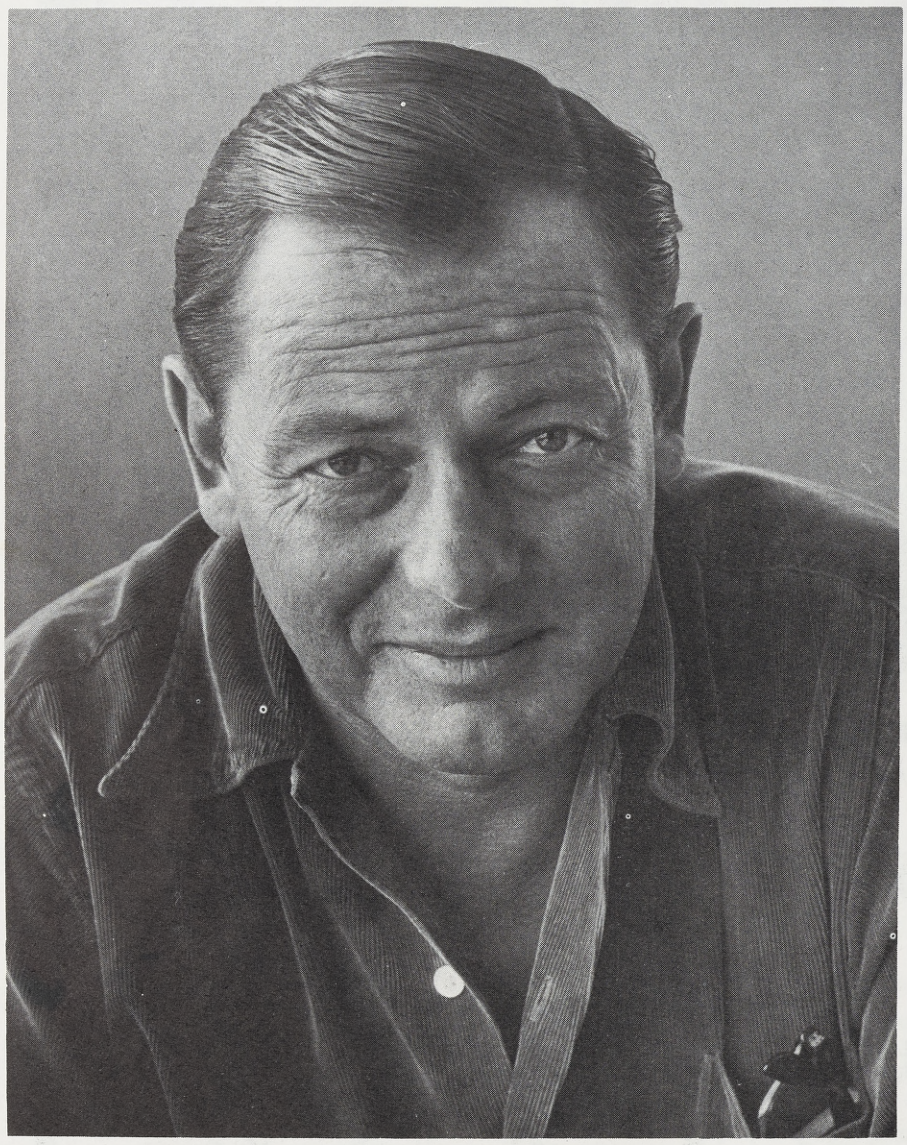
GANN -- SOLDI E

Starting the first of the year, United States bookstores will line their shelves with a new Ernest K. Gann book, "Twilight of the Gods."

They will do so quite happily. The book, first released in England, is doing nicely. The U. S. Literary Guild has selected it as their novel for February.

But for soldier of fortune Gann, it will be just another exploit in an already formidable career, that reads like the outline of a novel.



Ernest K. Gann—the K. stands for Kellogg but has nothing to do with cornflakes—has bummed around the world on freighters, logged some two million miles as an airline pilot, helped put the Nazi airlines out of business in South America, directed screen tests, played summer stock at Provincetown, fished commercially for salmon, albacore and crabs, has boxed and played polo and downed large quantities of dark Jamaica Rum, and has finally, after years of writing, acquired a sure-fire touch for collecting royalties.

Since the middle of World War II he has written a phenomenal series of best-sellers, taking out time only for one flop. His books—"Island in the Sky," "The High and the Mighty," "Soldier of Fortune," "Blaze of Noon," and "Fiddler's Green" (which was filmed under the title "The Raging Tide")—have been printed and reprinted, translated into almost every language under the sun, condensed, bought by book clubs, serialized and made into movies on which, instead of a flat sum, Gann takes percentages.

Gann, by instinct and inclination, has somehow hit upon what is probably the most lucrative literary market of all: "those who don't enjoy Mickey Spillane and those that don't enjoy the poseur magazines, the New Republic, Harper's, the New Yorker, and the avant garde magazines with snob appeal: I leave those to Gertrude Stein."

Gann, now 45, doesn't know how many millions of copies of his books have been sold. "I count dollars not copies"—and he won't say how much money he has made on his best-sellers. He is, in fact, extremely reticent and shy of publicity and fearful of notoriety, so much so that a gentleman who has played tennis with him at the Beach Club several times doesn't know him as an author and still thinks, for some mysterious reason or other, that Gann operates a laundry on the Peninsula.

Gann's reticence is not snobbery—quite obviously anyone who has lived his extrovert kind of life is not a snob—but modesty and a concern for the proper upbringing of his children. His oldest son, George, a tall, dark and handsome 20-year-old, used to go to school in Carmel, later attended the California Maritime Academy. His younger twins, Polly and Steven, 15, go to Carmel High School.

Gann, his wife, Eleanor—a beautiful, black-haired woman of French extraction—and their youngsters have lived on Pebble Beach for five years. They have three and a half acres above Seventeen Mile Drive between Carmel and the Lodge, and their place is quite appropriately called "Island in the Sky."

Here, seven days a week for the year to 18 months that it takes Gann to write a book, the family lives under a strict regime whose purpose it is to assure Gann the privacy and peace he needs to work.

He gets up in the morning at 7. An hour later, at 8 o'clock sharp, he locks the sound-proof door to his study, yanks the telephone cord from its socket, impatiently scribbles the word "Patience" twice on his note pad, and settles down at his portable for five uninterrupted hours of concentrated work.

"Sometimes," says Gann, a blue-eyed, stocky, muscular man who stands about 5 foot 10 with surprisingly spindly legs supporting a husky, robust body, "I write one sentence, and sometimes I write four to five pages, but no matter how much I've written, promptly at one o'clock I shoot out of here like a bomb."

Gann is an impatient writer. This largely because he is always two books ahead of himself. But, despite his eagerness to get to the next one, he is extremely conscientious in his craftsmanship and completely rewrites at least three times. A first draft takes him about eight months.

Gann, as anyone who has read his work can attest, has developed an uncanny skill as a story teller, and, in addition to telling his stories in the way that people want to read them, he somehow manages to tell stories that a lot of people want to read.

Says Gann:

"Writers, they can all get rich if they just write a story that people want. It took me just 15 years, no 20 years, to find out what the hell they want, and I just hope I'll always know what they want.

"I know one thing they want. They want to root for somebody in a story. That means they got to have a threat to them.

"They don't want bedroom sex. People have grown beyond that nonsense. It's completely unnecessary. I have proved that about four times.

"Only one of my books, that was "Fiddler's Green," had bedroom sex in it. Stuff like he put his hand on her thigh and the rest of that nonsense, and I'm sorry for it. Sex doesn't belong in entertainment.

"Most important is that people want a story they can feel and understand. That psychological stuff is like scribbling on a wall for your own amusement. The object of any writer should be to reach as large an audience as possible. There is no sense to writing a book just to enjoy it yourself and get compliments from a couple of friends.

"I figure I'm like everybody else. I like to understand what I read. I can't stand the knowledge paraders.

"Some of my intellectuals with their crew cuts, the boys and the girls with short hair, they make me a little sick to my stomach. Their hero is Henry James and every time they can quote him they're happy. I bet there aren't 150 people in this country who can stay awake reading Henry James."

Most people, it seems, not only stay awake reading Gann but even have a tough time interrupting his books to go to sleep. The Gann enthusiasm has even infected most reviewers who, presumably, stay awake with Gann's stories like most. Notable exceptions in this category are the literary critics of Time.

"The pansies on Time," says Gann, "are the original Henry James boys. And they hate me because I gave them a bashing in 'Benjamin Lawless,' but that's okay. A good review in Time is a kiss of death at the box office as everybody knows."

Gann admits, however, that Time's kiss of death doesn't apply to Ernest Hemingway. "That guy can get away with a good review in Time like he can get away with everything else. He is in a class by himself."

Hemingway, in Gann's opinion, is "one of the greatest" although he thinks that Steinbeck is a far better "stringer of words."

"The trouble with Steinbeck," says Gann, "is that he can't shake loose of all his expatriate pals. He ought to come home and go to work. Nobody can influence Hemingway, but Steinbeck is influenced by everybody he meets. I don't know John too well, but we did get drunk together a few times, and I know that he gets influenced easy. He is too receptive."

Gann's favorite author is de Saint Exupery, and his favorite book is de Saint Exupery's "Night Flight." He also thinks that Herman Wouk (Caine Mutiny) is a "first-class pro" and that James Jones (From Here to Eternity) is a "helluva talent if he can just climb out of the gutter."

Unlike most writers, Gann reads a lot, and it is surprising that he finds the time for it. He keeps up his 8 to 1 pace day after day until a book is finished, spends his afternoons outdoors and tries to get as much physical exercise as he can.

He is an enthusiastic sailor, plays a lot of tennis, likes to go fishing. "Boxing and polo have gone by the boards age-wise, and I'm saving golf for when I can't play tennis any more." Sometimes he also paints, mostly marine scenes in oil or watercolor, a hobby he has followed as long as he can remember.

He has also written as long as he can remember.

A native of Kansas City, Gann moved to Saint Paul when he was 11, to Chicago when he was 16. His father, George Gann, now 70 and also a resident of Pebble

ER OF FORTUNE

Beach, sent him to the Yale School of Fine Arts where Ernest K. studied dramatic arts. After two years the boy asked to leave school and take a trip around the world instead. As a telephone executive, father Gann could afford to finance such a trip and he agreed with his son that it was a good idea.

On his way back Gann called up a Saint Paul childhood girl friend in San Francisco. She was a senior at Mills College. They decided to get married and did so in Reno. They've been married ever since: 21 years. Eleanor left school—she was a senior then—and went with her bridegroom to New York where he tried his luck in the theater for a couple of years, acting and finally some directing. And all the time he wrote whenever he had the chance. He even wrote plays.

Gann then decided he liked flying, and for several years he went barnstorming, much like his Pebble Beach neighbor, Alton Walker. From barnstorming, Gann graduated to commercial flying, became first a co-pilot then a junior captain with American Airlines, flying mostly the New York to Chicago run.

And he kept on writing. But none of his short stories sold. And two novels he wrote then didn't sell either. He did, however, sell three books of non-fiction, all about flying. One of them, called "Sky Roads," actually sold 15,000 copies and made him about $4500, which came in very handy because pilot pay wasn't the same then as it is now. Gann says he got $100 a month when he started into training as a co-pilot during the depression.

Before Pearl Harbor Gann was one of the pilots selected and hired by the government to run the Germans out of the aviation business in South America by supplying the Latin American countries with new American planes and training their own pilots to fly them.

And when war came, Gann joined the Air Transport Command to fly DC-3's across the North and South Atlantic. It was then that he wrote "Island in the Sky" which was a book about the ATC pilots and had no women in it and was highly technical and yet brought him more fan mail from women than from men.

Gann followed "Island" with "Blaze of Noon" which was selected by the Dollar Book Club and made into a movie with William Holden and Anne Baxter.

"I did very well on it," says Gann. "It was a stinking book but I couldn't kick. I just wish I could do it today knowing what I know now. But I did a really corny job and it's just a damn shame."

The commercial success of the two novels prompted Gann to quit flying and move to the Bahamas to sail and write. What he wrote was "Benjamin Lawless," a book "about a pilot who couldn't stay home." It was, says Gann, "a real stinker" and sold only 3,700 copies. "I fell flat on my face with it and had to go back to flying."

So Gann flew for Matson which then had an air service from San Francisco to Honolulu, and later for Transocean on the San Francisco-Manila run. It didn't last too long. He was laid off by Transocean because he lacked seniority. To make a living he got together with a navigator he knew from his war flying and together they made a "bare living" in commercial fishing out of San Francisco.

Gann wrote a book then about commercial fishing. He called it "Fiddler's Green." It was also a Dollar Book Club selection and sold to the movies. "That was a nice help but it was a stinking movie."

Came the Korean war and Gann was once more back in flying, working the airlift to Tokyo. That's when he wrote "The High and the Mighty," his most successful book so far: Book of the Month Club, Reader's Digest Book Club, Omnibook, soft-cover book and countless translations, as well as a cinemascope movie which was "fair but had too much noise in it."

Gann once more quit flying, but is still on leave of absence from Transocean today, hopes he will never have to go back to it. The success of his latest book, "Soldier of Fortune," which he wrote after a trip to Hong Kong, makes pretty sure that he won't have to fly again. It was tops on the best seller list for 26 weeks. The movie for which—like for the movies of all his books—he wrote the screen play, starred Clark Gable and Susan Hayward.

There is just one trouble with Gann's writing future, it would seem. If ever he decides to write an autobiography (which is doubtful), he'll find that he's already squandered his best titles for a book about himself. "Soldier of Fortune" would fit the subject very nicely.

After the holidays, Gann will return to his brigantine, the Albatros. The vessel will be used in the filming of his new book. The novel deals with one of the last of the colorful commercial sailing ships, the Cannibal.

A Lyrical Journey to the Big Sur Country

Poetry -- Eric Barker **Photography -- Wynn Bullock**

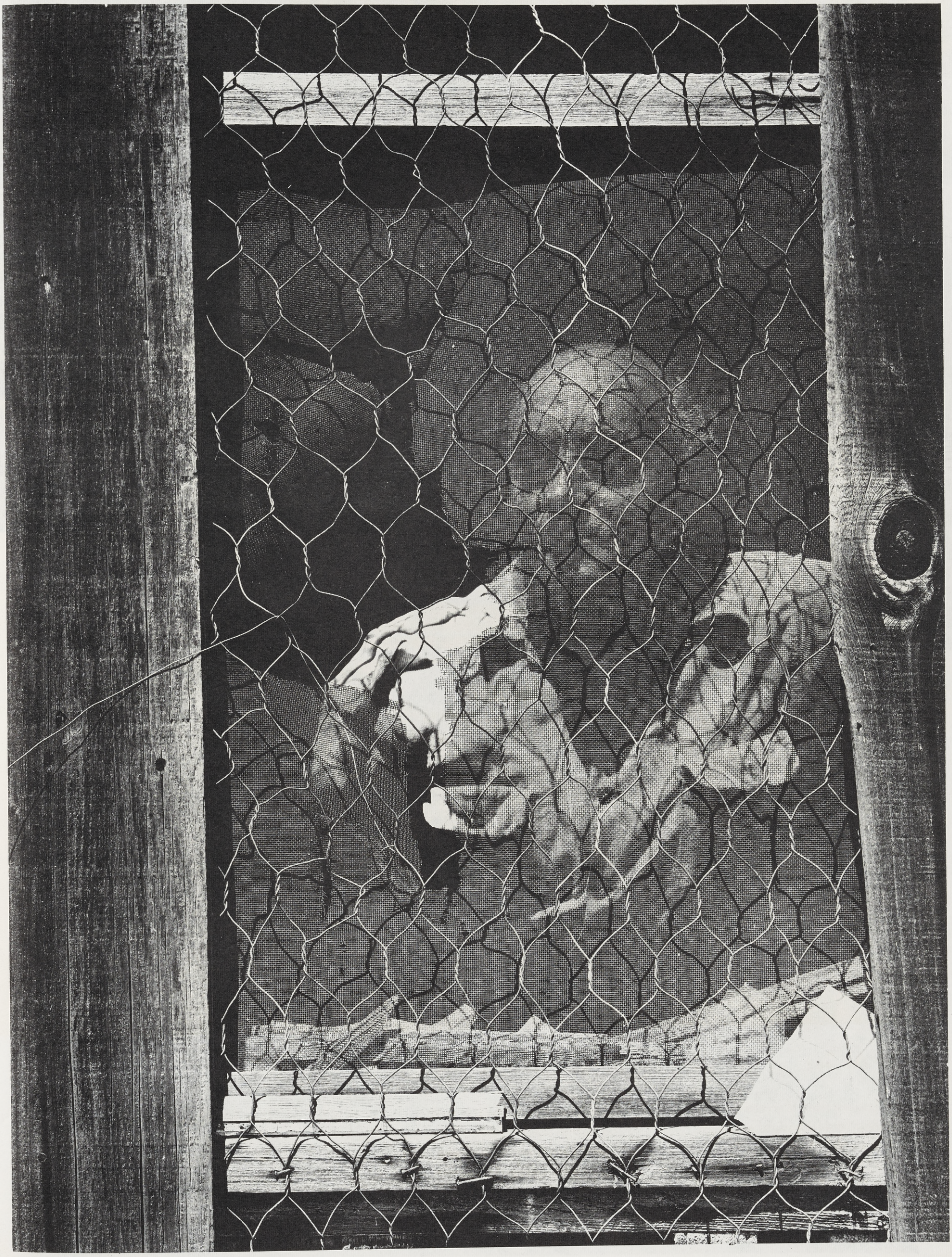
Night At Sea

Magic is more than it seems—
Clear weather is the nightwise sign
When the ship's keel
Ploughs the mythology of the sky
And the Dog has a salty bark.

Strike midnight—all is well,
Though the Bull'e Eye has a watery gleam
And Orion hunts with the sharks
The dim and restless Seven.

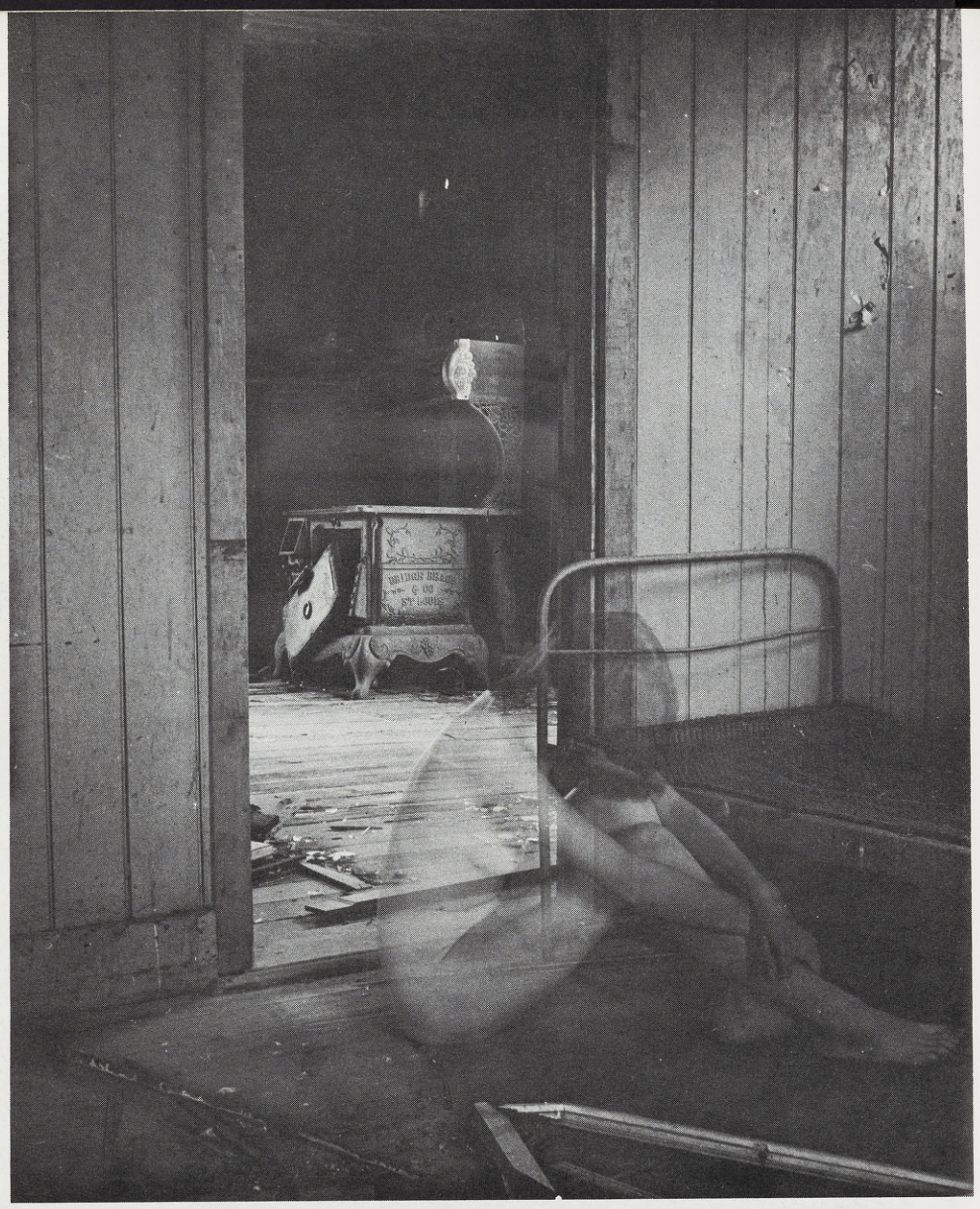
The world's wheel did not veer
When fire came down in a fennel stalk.
Nor now for whatever port it steers,
Though heaven's hot ore is quenched
Before it falls, and fins
Knife through the stars.

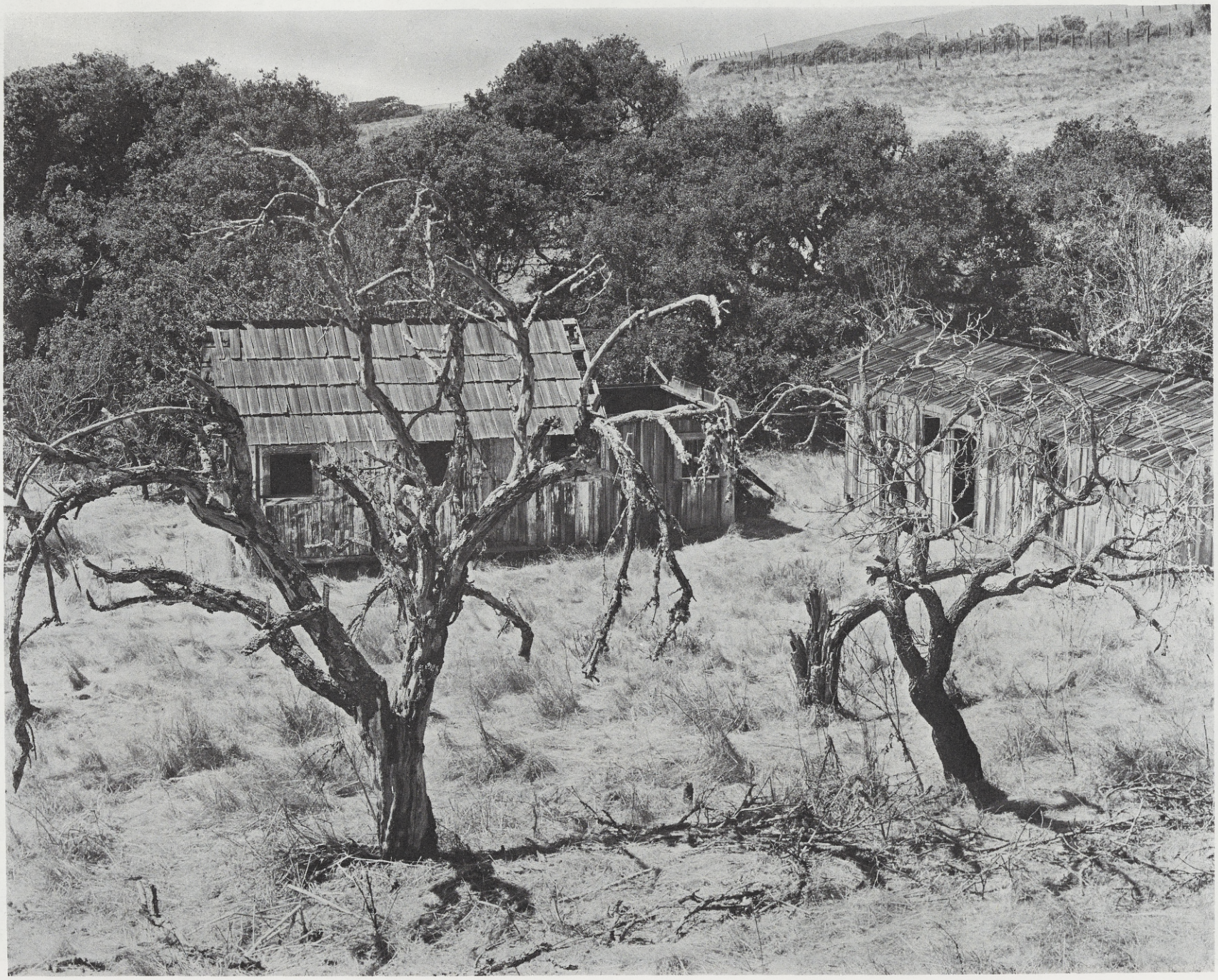
Deserted



Everything in the house was like the kitchen door
the wind blew half-way open, waiting
for wind to blow it shut again.
Everything in the house was like that:
half-open or shut; falling asleep
or sleeping; everything in the garden
either dying or dead. But when the wind sprang up,
that hollow shell was full of sound
as a conch is of the sea;
the rotting curtains and the dusty webs
swaying in the same wave
as the dead flowers in the garden.

I came upon it first on such a day
and stopped to look in through a broken window,
and the wind rushed in behind me,
scouring it like a bell,
and poured out through the other side
flattening the wild oats in the opposite field
with its broad and whistling scythe.





And I went on, not caring for that sound,
though I love the wind as well as any man
close-lived to wood and fields,
and often lie awake at night
simply to listen when it walks the roof,
or lets me know it's in the chimney,
or stroking the backs of the nearby sleeping birds.

But that wind had a different sound.
I cannot tell you how it filled the house
unless you've wondered how Niobe mourned.
It made me think of those who lived there once,
who must have chosen such a cloud-loved hill
for what to them was seeming permanence.
And what ill circumstance had tripped them up,
and set against the walls those smouldering fires
that eat a house to death with shameless wounds.

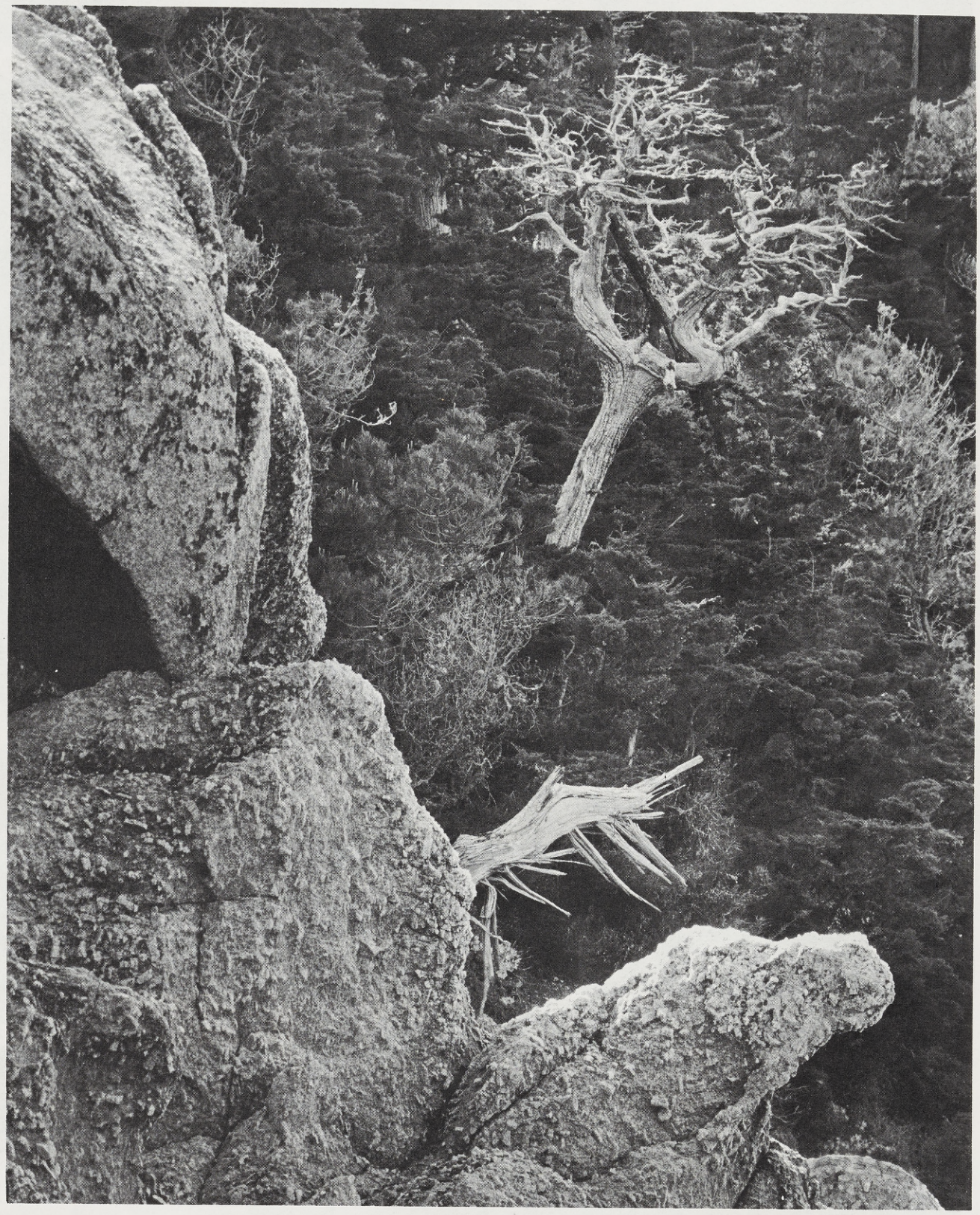
Point Lobos

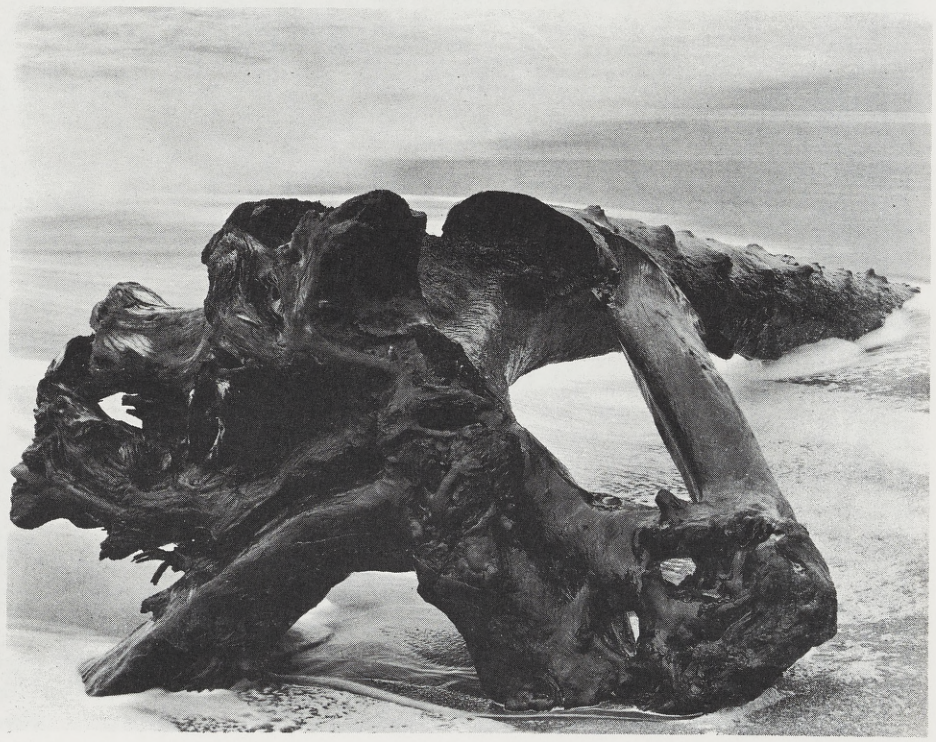
It is good to walk along this shore again
and rest beneath the ancient trees.
Change comes slowly here: the herring gulls
that hang above the sea might be the birds
we watched last year from this same place,
over the heaving kelp, among the tide-rocks.
Through the dark trees, searching all the grove
with sound, beats the huge orchestration of the
surf.

For centuries the sea-notes shatter here
before the Titans fall. Their lives are nobler
than any man's saving Prometheus.
He too, the Rock-Bound, endured such sun
and wind, the mordant fire of salt
working his creviced wounds, and when
the great shocks shuddered through the cliff
tensed all his strength, feeling the rock-base
shaken beneath his feet, the bellowing aurochs
plunging in the caves.

These giants would knit a pygmy heart
with fortitude for life. I could make gods
of these, and when full circle came,
envy their nobler death: ours the dank grave,
the old decaying flesh, the wormy dark.
But see how these grey bones
are picked clean by the surf,
consumed in the foam's white fire. . .

Old trees, beautiful and dying,
centuries dying, be here at the end.
When Man's last war has killed the race
and left the planet clean I can see you then:
old trees beautiful and dying,
centuries dying on the granite cliffs,
alone on Lobos, by the smoking sea.





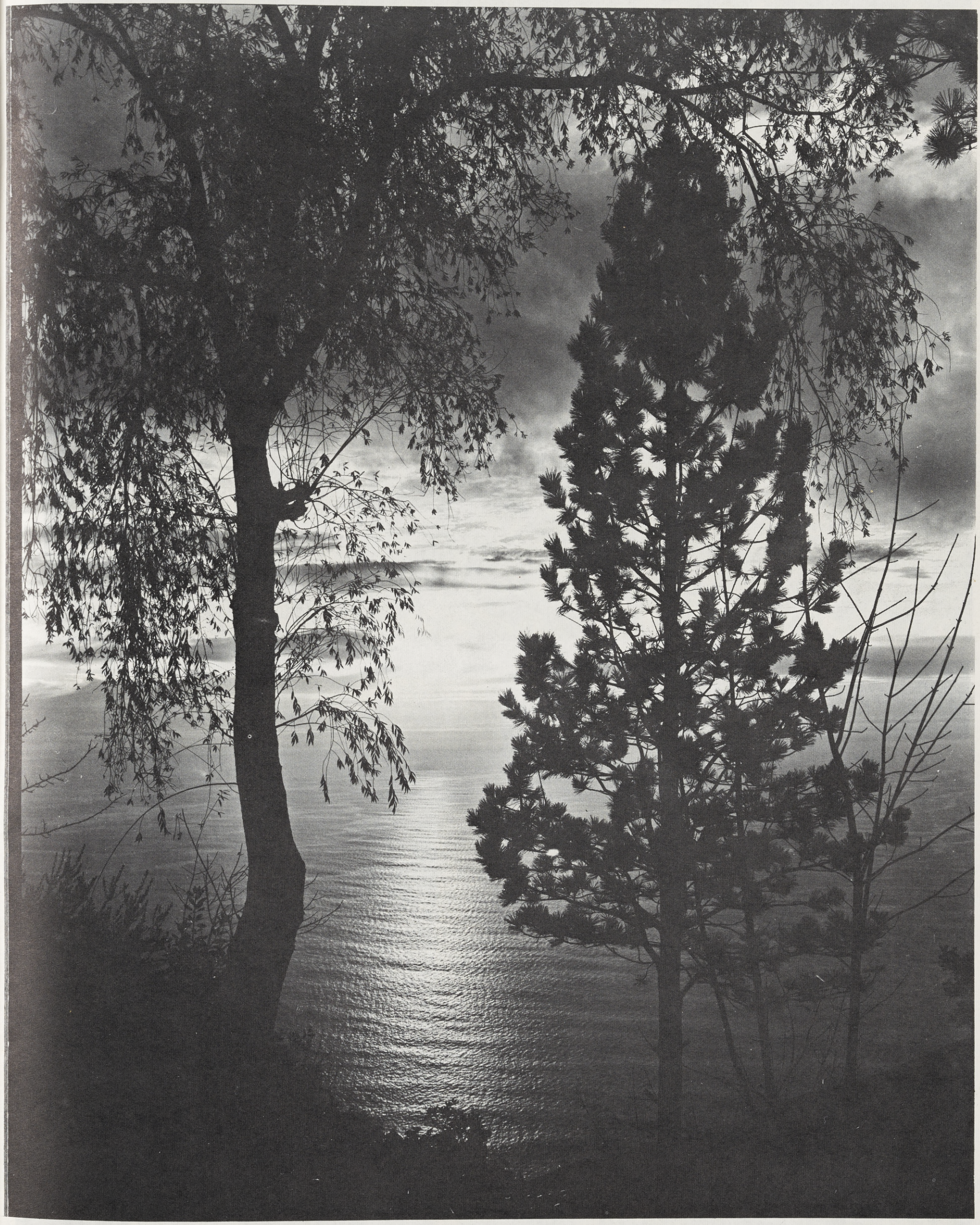
The Country of the Mind

In that wide country I have named my own
Where none may come unless I give the sign,
The meadow-fences are too high for climbing,
No crafty trespasser can pick the subtle locks
Of gates that open at a word from me.

Worn paths lead through the woods; I made them all.
I could follow blind old blazes on the trees.
I made those deep love-notches long ago,
Seeking a path that would lead me to the sea
By sun and moon on the far shores of the mind.

Beautiful is the solitude never once broken
By those whose visitations turn the hours.
I have studied their minds as I study the wind and the tide,
Given them fair skies to the climate of my thoughts,
Our words and our silence are fruit of the selfsame tree.

On a farewell morning by the clock of the tide
It is time to embark again from their port of call.
And I watch them over the sea line crying with gulls.
I hold their dwindling sails in my Gulliver eye,
Homing to their coasts under the creature-changing clouds,
Their fleecy pilots through the weather of my love.



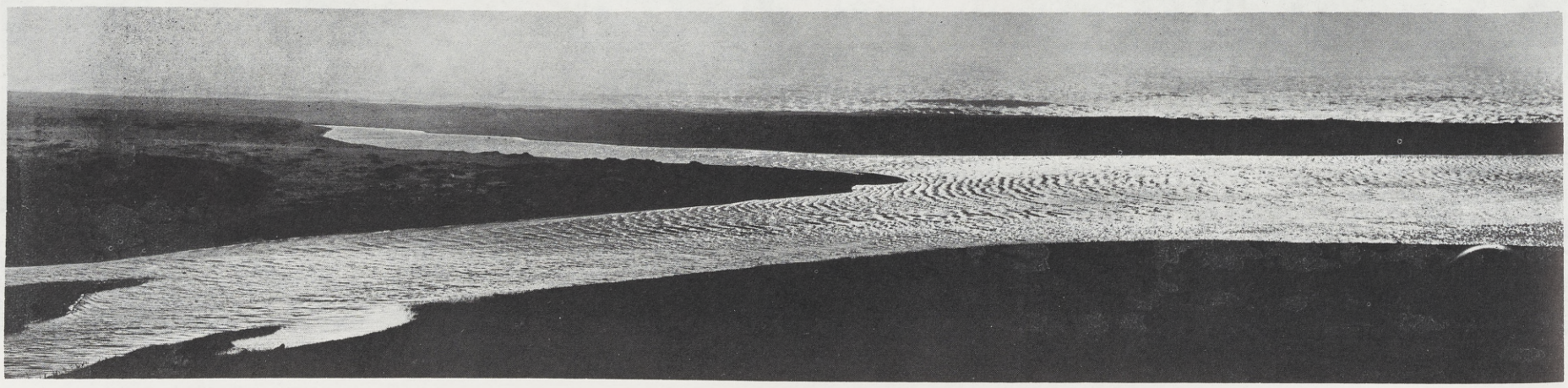
Little Sur River

I have followed Little Sur to the foot of Pico Blanco,
under cottonwoods and alders, under the green tents
of the redwoods where smoky sunlight lies tangled
in bramble and fern, listening to white laughter
in stony places, to the green soliloquies of pools.

Between the intermittent green and silver
leaves of willows, leaves of alders
I have heard her singing in a shroud
when so many grey ghosts come up from the sea
anonymity thickens, identity is lost;
no tree or flower in the sea's white shade
is surely named for love.

When Pico Blanco wears sunset like a lion skin
on his granite shoulders
I have followed her down to the sea
where gulls and cormorants burn like phoenixes,
the great ocean is possessed by light and sound.

Now for two years the river has been my pilgrim
neighbor;
many ties are broken, many loved voices lost.
Human affections grow deeper than any bond
in nature, she cannot fill their absence.
Yet here, beyond the malaise of the time,
is a voice unfailing for the heart's acceptance,
counsel better than the words of sages,
than philosophies
that fail in the face of the ruinous fact.



Fog Over Big Sur

Nowhere it was, or so it might have been.
Somewhere is what eyes see, what hands remember
on days when love's a memory in the eye,
roughness of stones and trees stroked into hands
is rubbed like shells examined far from sea.

Somewhere it was, but fog had cancelled it.
All known nearby, anonymously drowned,
showed bar nor shoal, nor rolled a sun-sick bell
across the sea's thick cloud, crying to me:
"Though hidden now as we are hid, yet wait
for entering sun revealing each to each,
then come with your reminiscent hands and eyes."

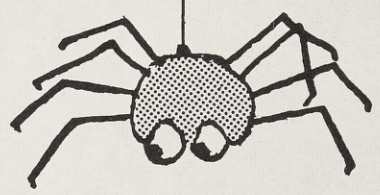
Shut off from sea and sky, from rock and tree,
all senses strained to one that hears in dark,
I leaned against the fog as leans a tree
against that drenching cloud. And talk dripped
rustling down like raining eaves from stones
and leaves along the bland, wet coast:

"Sun is not all. Here we drink fog like rain.
Smoked up from Mother of Oceans, this dense wall
baffles our fiercest god. Not just for him
open our thirsty mouths, our sucking pores.
Your hands and eyes like sponges have drawn in
that which the sun absorbs. Our other nature
holds you off like spurs when the sea's mood
bans trespass in the cloud that blinds the sun."

Clouds

Strange beasts that lose to stranger beasts in heaven
They come in herds as leisurely as seals,
Browsing among the highest junipers,
Protean as one seen from Elsinore
And maned and multitudinous as waves.
Dawn-emptied of his rage, an old bull mammoth
Leads them up the granite scarps
To last night's streaming battle-seat
Above the jags of falcons and the steep-eyed hawks.
All day they gather round his knees,
Wounded and tired from night war,
Huge-pawed and winged, staring down at us
Like creatures from a lost mythology,
Whose ramparts are guarded by griffins with
strange eyes,
Where peace is deep
And colored like the snow.

Houses of Distinction Section



WITH COMFORT TOWARD NONE

by Shirley Stoddard

Whenever I hear the word "quaint" as applied to an early Carmel cottage I think of the quaint little outdoor icebox which was so remotely attached to the Carmel cottage I once occupied.

On a dark, rainy night, you had to carry both a flashlight and an nmbrella to get to this primitive custodian of refrigeration, which left you with no hands for carrying whatever you were after after you got it.

I'll never forget the time, with dinner guests waiting for their dessert, I plunged into the darkness after a pie I had made. On my way back to the house, by balancing the pie at a necessary angle, I lost some of its innards—but I didn't realize it until I caught my guests gazing rather sadly at the empty crusts they found on their plates.

That particular house, in true pre-Comstock Carmel style, had a fireplace that didn't draw, a hot water heater that gave out in the middle of every shower and a leaky, leaky roof.

Apart from that it was charming. It was surrounded by sprawling, beautiful oaks which shut out all the light and towering pines which fell down in the winter.

It had a cute little patio which got 15 minutes of sun in the afternoon and was so choked with pine needles and leaves you didn't want to sit there very long anyway.

Its front door was where the back door should have been and vice versa (somewhat confusing to guests and tradesmen), and there was an extra outside door on the bathroom for people who had been to the beach and didn't want to trickle sand and salt water through the house—though the beach was a good mile away.

That was my last early Carmel cottage in a long succession of Carmel cottages. My first Carmel cottage was REALLY charming. Built by Perry Newberry and once dwelt in by Jack London, who died, I understand, in 1916, it also had a fireplace that didn't draw. Various tenants, though, had tried to alleviate the situation by adding another foot or so of any kind of brick or rock they happened to have on hand to the chimney, so that by the time we moved in the chimney looked like that nursery rhyme about the crooked little man in his crooked little house and the fireplace STILL didn't draw.

That chimney, in my high school days, had its points. If I got home late from a party, had forgotten my key and didn't want to disturb the family by pounding on the front door, I just walked up the chimney and climbed in through a second story window. The only trouble with that stealthy means of entry was that my mother's bed was right under the window, and when I stepped on her she was apt to scream "Burglars!" and other hysterical things. (Later she suggested that I prop a ladder against my own bedroom window and leave it there for such emergencies. I did so, and everyone was happier. I even made my exits that way).

One of the most charming things about that house, in 1933, was that we paid only $37.50 in rent for it and when we went away on vacation in the summer subleased it for $125 a month. Paid for the whole vacation, in those days.

And there were other charms. Though built of the traditional board and bat, the house contained 12 rooms and two bathrooms. The bathrooms, placed side by side with a connecting door between, offered identical facilities, except that one had a bathtub, the other a shower. We would have appreciated a second bathroom upstairs or in another wing of the house—but side by side? We ended up using only one of them—the one with the tub.

The ceilings in the house were either too low or too high. In the living room, heavy redwood beams were booby-traps to any tall man who forgot to stoop, and upstairs, in the bedrooms—each of which was a gable—spiders spun their webs in shadowy recesses far above and were impervious to house-cleaning efforts.

And speaking of spiders, there were hundreds of them. My little brother made a hobby of collecting Black Widows in mason jars and flourishing them at visitors. And when you went to bed at night, you had to turn down the sheets very carefully and look for spiders before you dared to climb in, and in the morning you examined the floor before you put your bare feet on it.

There was one particular spider—the spider in my bedroom—I called my own. Every night he descended on his gossamer thread to a point just above my nose, and every night, when I grabbed him, he scooted back up to his home in the eaves. He's probably still doing it—to the present tenant of my bedroom.

There were other non-paying occupants, besides. After completing a biology project at school one year, I brought home one of the white rats I had used and sold it to my little brother for a quarter. Gordon intended to keep "Oscar" in his room, but the rat very shortly disappeared through a hole in the wayy and was never seen again. We could hear him, though—at night—scurrying around the walls of the house, upstairs, downstairs and in milady's chamber. We didn't worry about his welfare; Gordon left food and water at Oscar's hole and it was always gone in the morning.

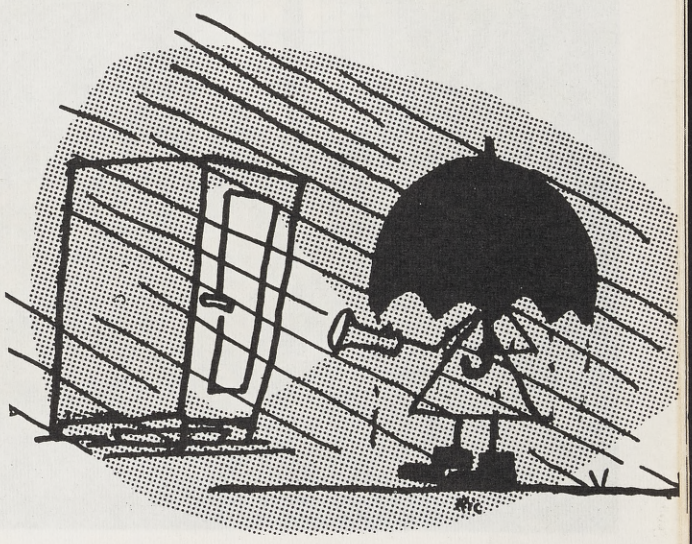
The house was one of those semi-haunted affairs which groan at night, and there was a particularly rickety staircase. Well do I remember a terrifying Saturday I spent there alone—alone except for Jolly, the Springer spaniel, who occupied herself during the early evening by snuffling along the doorways and uttering low, ominous growls. Unnerved, I gathered courage for the dash upstairs to bed. Turning light off and on as I ascended, I finally gained my room. I stood there in the dark, pawing the air frantically for five minutes for the light cord which was suspended, as all of them were, from the ceiling. When I found it, I locked the door, got into bed and lay listening to the whispering of the house. And all night long Jolly stood on me, leaned out the window and barked. Later—if you like anti-climaxes to your stories—I learned there had been a peeping tom in the neighborhood that night.

Yes, early Carmel cottages were charming. Charming, quaint and cheap.

They're still charming, still quaint. And they must have been fairly well built—if only for summer occupancy—because they're still standing, still occupied.

But I'll never forget what Gelett Burgess said when he came to call on me in the last early Carmel cottage I rented. "I should think," he said, looking around, "that this would be an ideal place for a murder."

It wasn't long after that that I moved to a modern, well-equipped apartment. There's no fireplace, but who cares? Fireplaces never draw, anyway.



Photos
by
Wynn Bullock

BIT OF NORWAY IN CARMEL

DRAGON hangs over fireplace of Hardanger Hall in the Carmel Highlands. The hall, part of the former Reynolds estate, is a copy of a Norwegian baronial mansion of the 15th Century. Notice elaborate carvings on bed, chandeliers and wood bin (far left). Entrance to hall is shown on top of page. On opposite page, handwrought iron door latch (above left) is one foot wide. It is so heavy that it is hard to pull open. Carefully carved door (above right) decorates guest house on the estate. Below right, a water-spitting monster squats over washbasin in master bathroom in main house. Knobs are on its knees. Mounted knights (below left) without legs are carved in woodwork of Hardanger Hall. Carvings are copies from originals in Museum of Nordic Art, Oslo.

She called herself "Had Her Way" Maude.

She knew herself well. She always had her way. She could afford it.

As the wife of a Colorado mining man, Mrs. Maude Reynolds could finance her every whim.

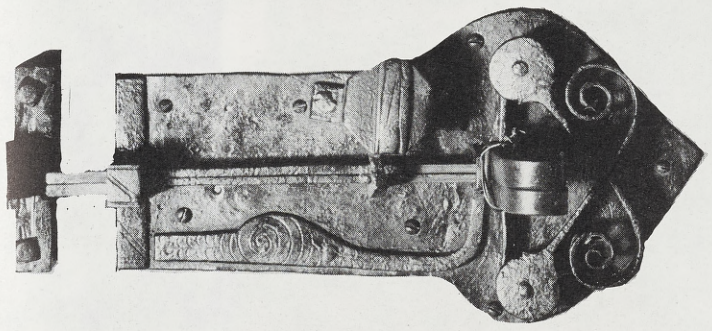
Today, at the Carmel Highlands on the little road above the Highlands Inn, there stands a monument to her taste, her money; a monument to having her way.

The monument is a house whose exquisiteness of detail has few equals anywhere in this country, be it in Pebble Beach, Beverly Hills or Grosse Point.

The house, or rather the complex of houses, is a true copy of a Norwegian estate. Mrs. Reynolds imported Norwegian designers, craftsmen and workers to build it. They worked on it for years. One of the buildings alone, a copy of a Norwegian hunting lodge, cost $80,000. That was in 1918 when 80 grand was an even grander sum than it is today.

The main residence, a three-bedroom, three-bath proposition, was finished in 1927. No figures are available on its cost. And then there was also a garage with an apartment over it and a guest house. But they are not so important. The guest house is not so exquisite, and the garage burned down last year.

The current owners of Maude Reynolds' Highlands



HIGHLANDS

home are the Misses Myra Waterman and Ann Cattell and their Irish setter. Miss Waterman paints. Miss Cattell writes. "Sixty Miles North," the saga of a country school teacher, was one of her books.

Mrs. Reynolds was affectionately known as Lady Maude, although she was not titled.

Stories are that she sat imperiously on a rocking chair on the indoor balcony of the hunting lodge. From this throne she supervised and directed the workmen. If she didn't like something they had just finished, she had them tear it out and do it all over again.

Tearing out was literally necessary: all ornamentations are integral parts of the building. If the carving on a beam or on a door wasn't just right, the whole beam or the whole door had to be replaced. Lady Maude had her way.

The result was rugged and, as far as anyone can tell, authentic beauty. Despite the multitude of ornamentation, there's nothing prissy about Hardanger Hall, named after Hardanger Fjord whose precipitous coastline resembles that of the Carmel Highlands. It isn't prissy because all the decorations are carvings and handwrought iron work and the colors, though vivid, are mated in such perfection that they do not glare. All designs came from originals in the Museum of Nordic Art in Oslo. Sometimes Lady Reynolds called her home the "Viking Hut."

Lady Maude died in Palo Alto a few years ago. Ironically, despite the love and attention and money she had lavished on her Viking Hut, she found little happiness there.

You might almost say that the residence seemed jinxed

(Please turn page)

BIT OF NORWAY

(Cont'd from preceding page)

until just recently.

Lady Reynolds' husband died soon after the project was completed. Maude Reynolds stayed on alone for a while. Then she left: the fun was gone. For several years the house stood deserted, desolate.

Then Dr. and Mrs. William McCabe bought it, during the depression. They got the two-acre estate for a comparative song. They loved the place, but war came. Dr. McCabe, a reserve officer, had to go in the service.

Mrs. McCabe tried to run the place alone as household help was increasingly hard to get. But it's too big a place to run alone. She had to give it up.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Sanford bought it from the McCabes. Mrs. Sanford soon died. Sanford lived on for a few years in loneliness, then he also passed away. He left the home to his Filipino servant, Fabian Era.

Era sold the Viking Hut to Dr. Henry S. Randall of Fresno. Dr. Randall died. And in 1953, the Misses Cattell and Waterman bought it.

On February 7, 1954, their tenant in the garage apartment, Whit Wellman, fell asleep with a lighted cigarette. At least that's what authorities thought. Wellman couldn't tell them. He was burned to death. The fire gutted the garage. The flames leaped over to the main house and burned out one bedroom and the roof of the bedroom wing. It also scorched one corner of the roof of the hunting lodge.

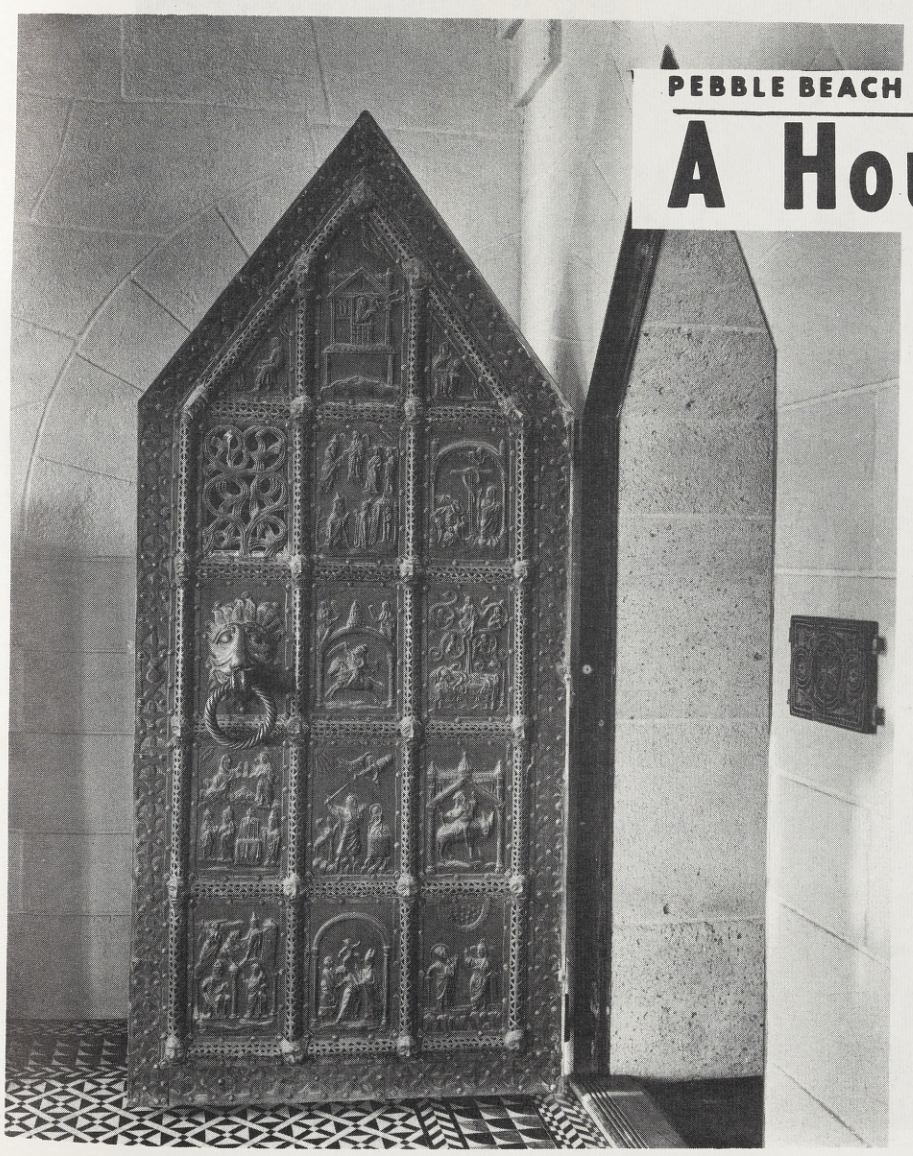
Misses Waterman and Cattell had insurance, but as the insurance man had told them when he was first asked to appraise the property: "You can't insure it for every detail. It's irreplaceable. If it's gone, it's gone." A short stairway in the living room alone would cost about $1,000, he figured, if anyone could be found to duplicate the intricate carving.

After the fire, Misses Waterman and Cattell replaced the damaged or destroyed portions, staying as closely in style with the rest of the property as they could. To the untrained eye, the difference is not noticeable.

Apart from its decorations, the Viking estate is remarkable for its basic construction. It was built of hand-hewn redwood logs, which were joined together not with nails but with wooden pegs, requiring much greater accuracy. The windows are leaded glass. Bathrooms are exquisitely tiled. There is much built-in Norwegian furniture.

Over the fireplace in the 50 by 26 foot lodge hangs a wooden dragon. The fireplace dragon is an old Norwegian custom. It's put there to frighten away evil spirits that might hop down the chimney when somebody lets the fire go out.

ELABORATE STAIRWAY (above) leads from living room to guest bedroom in the main house. Insurance man told current owners it would take at least $1,000 to replace carvings on that stairway in case of fire—if somebody could be found to do it. Left, view from garden path on the estate shows main house (front) and part of Hardanger Hall (right background). There is also a guest house and a garage with an apartment on top of it.



PEBBLE BEACH MANOR

A House is not a Home

Rising above the wave-splashing boulders of Pescadero Point is Pebble Beach's junior San Simeon. This architectural extravanganza of 17 palace-like rooms and all that goes with them is known in local parlance as the Hart Mansion though it was bought recently by Noel J. Poux, an Eastern industrialist.

The mansion, without doubt the Monterey Peninsula's most imposing private pile of masonry, took five years to build. Materials and craftsmen that knew how to handle them were brought to the site from all over the world.

By the time the building was complete in the early 30's, the overall cost was estimated at around two million, give or take a few hundred-thousand, even at depression prices. This sort of grandiosity is, of course, a thing of the past, presumably even in Texas, and the Hart Mansion stands today as a monument to a time when the word tax collector was still mentionable in polite society. Last year's property tax on the place was $2,909.

The man who built the house was Templeton Crocker, millionaire member of the millionaire family. He did not live to see its completion. His wife, later remarried to Paul Fagan, lived in it for a while; then, years later, it was sold to Mrs. George Hart who gave it up eventually because of the servant problem. She now lives in Carmel, in a home that is consideably easier to keep up.

In addition to a large living hall, the mansion contains seven master bedrooms, each with its individual bath; a dining room, kitchen and pantry (these bigger than an average-sized apartment), several servant quarters (now all uninhabited but one), a whole mess of storage and utility rooms, and a long series of arched and austere hallways through whose snake-like caverns one's steps echo from one end

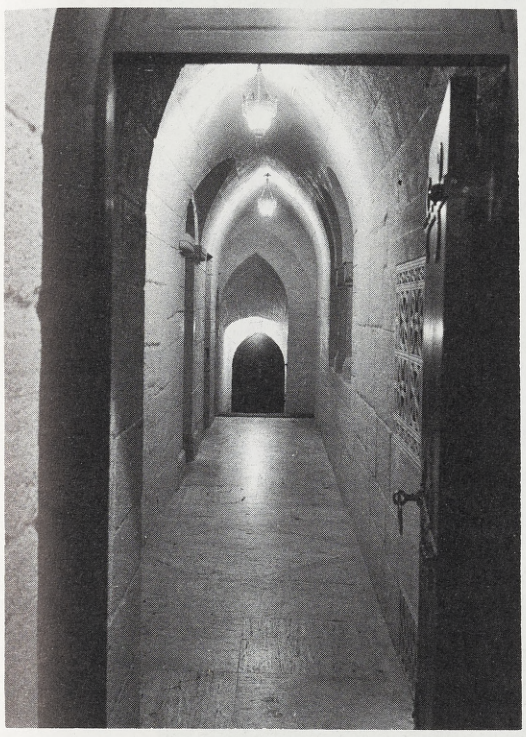
(Continued)

IMPOSING ENTRANCE of the neo-Byzantine mansion and its three levels are shown in top photo. Elaborately engraved entrance door is typical of those throughout the house, crafted by Samuel Yellin of Philadelphia. Photos by Wynn Bullock.

PATIO AND SURF are viewed from the ornate dining room (below). Arched ceiling was artificially antiqued while floor is of imported Cipolin marble. Murals were painted over gold leaf. Entrance to the dining room from main hall is depicted in top left photo.

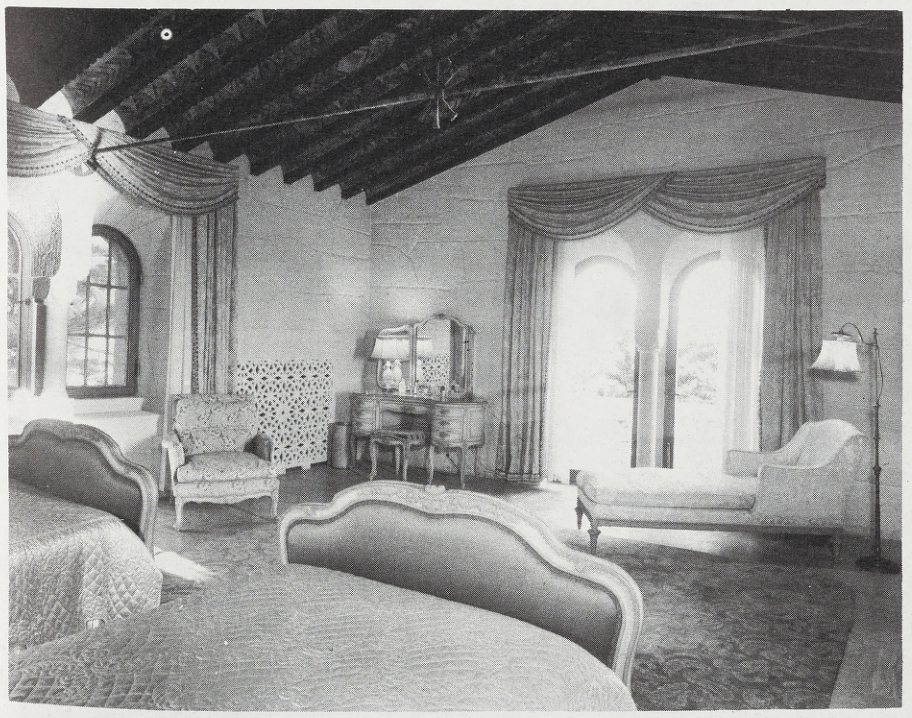
MASTER BATHROOM that adjoins master bedroom below features a bathtub cut from a slab of black marble with gold leaf inlay on top. Room is carpeted wall to wall over marble mosaic. Ceiling is a mosaic of millions of abalone shells. One of the walls of room is lined with closets.

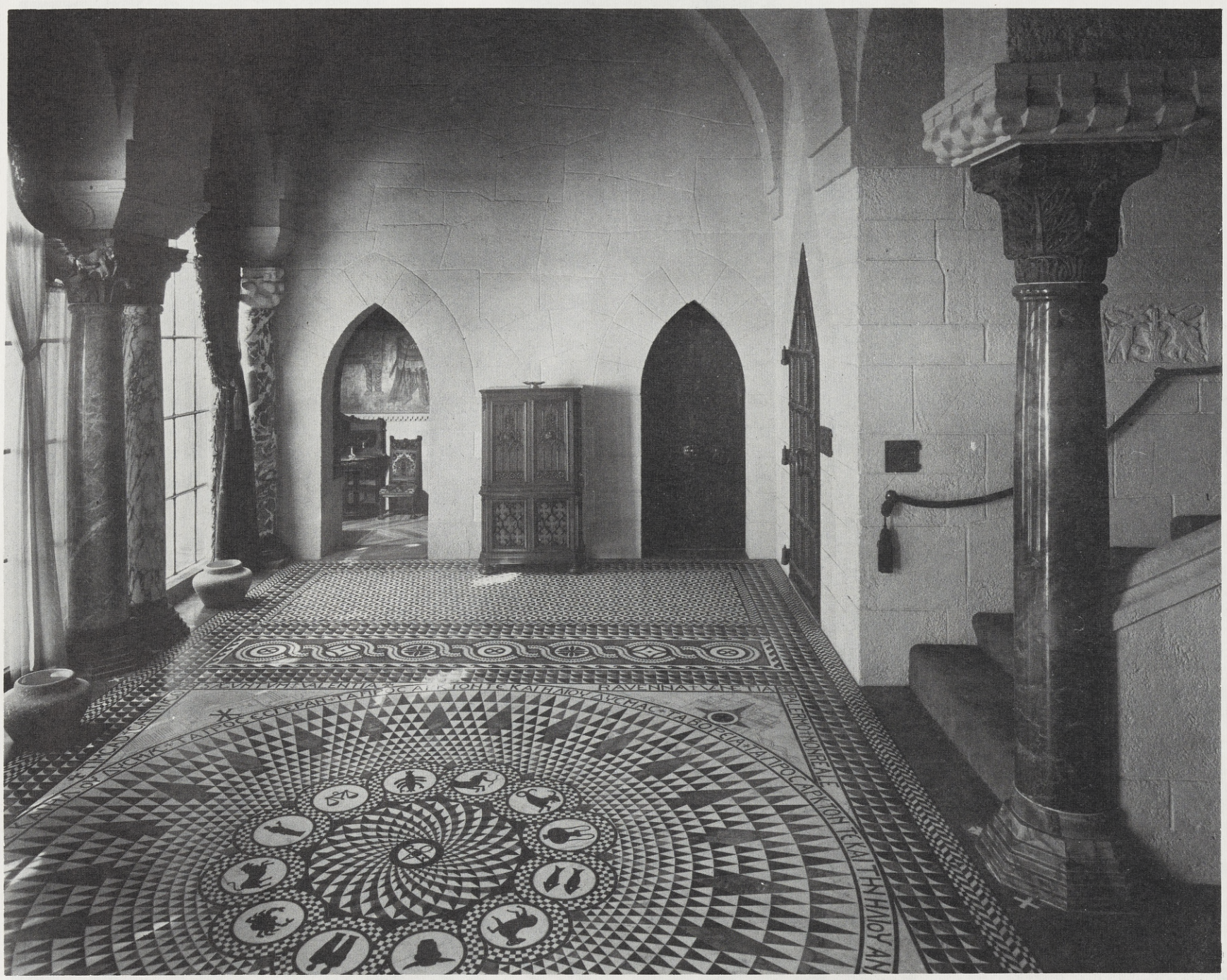
Two complete walls are mirrors.



Master bedroom on third floor overlooks the ocean with a view stretching to Point Lobos. Garden below has 45 arches of 32 different kinds of marble from 16 countries.

Photo of hallway with vault-like appearance is typical of connecting corridors throughout the house.





MAIN ENTRANCE HALL FLOOR (above) is of mosaic marble in the signs of the Zodiac. Bedroom (below, left) is one of the second level rooms featuring heavy hand-carved timbers. Toilet (left) is typical of those throughout the house.

House Not a Home

of the vast house to the other.

Fortress-like walls, 24 to 28 inches thick, of reinforced concrete faced by stone brought from Mount Vesuvius, enclose this labyrinth of Western Mediterranean splendor. Its architect was George Washington Smith. He modeled the house after the type of neo-Byzantine chateau sometimes found along the Riveria.

On the craggy, three-acre property where it sits overlooking the Pacific in a 180-degree sweep, there is also a swimming pool with an adjoining radiantly-heated beach, a "weekend" house and a large stone garage with space for four automobiles.

The mansion's sunny terrace is about 100 vertical feet above the boulders of the pebbly shore, and from this vantage point the owners can watch schools of whales and sea lions as they pass the point. Even rare sea otters have been known to play in the pools between the rocks below this latterday castle, their presence almost symbolic of the fact that nothing rare (and therefore costly) has been left out in the construction and arrangement of the house.

The expensive splendor starts with the entrance hall whose floor is composed of mosaic marble (like all other floors, mostly marble, laid over concrete slab). The mosaic's design represents a compass that incorporates the signs of the Zodiac and pictures the four main districts of the Byzantine Empire.

Marble of many different types, brought from all corners of the world, is found in every part of the house. A patio that adjoins the mansion's entrance portico is surrounded by a vaulted enclosure whose arches are supported by 45 pillars of 32 different types of marble.

Even some of the bathrooms are of marble. The most exquisite of these, referred to by the building's present owner as the "Saturday night bath," looks like something out of a DeMille sex epic. Its tub, set in the center of a floor of black and gold marble mosaic, is cut from one piece of black marble. Pillars supporting the vaulted ceiling of this bathroom are also of black marble, while the ceiling is a matching bluish-green composed, as it is, of the shimmering inside patina of thousands of abalone shells. Another bathroom has a goldplated shower. Sunken tubs are almost everywhere.

The bathrooms are excelled in extravagance only by the dining room, graced by a Cipolin marble floor, Doria rock dado and a roof with a mural that was painted on gold leaf and then artificially antiqued to capture the full flavor of a castle that has been in one's family for a few centuries.

Doors throughout the mansion, even when they hide nothing but a switch box or service elevator, are of two-to-three inch thick black walnut wood and all are adorned by wrought-iron and bronze hardware, crafted by America's most famous man in the field, Samuel Yellin of Philadelphia.

Most of the bedrooms have hand-carved wooden ceilings, with no two of the designs, nor two of the woods used, alike. Much of the furniture that came with the house, too, is hand-carved—heavy period pieces brought from Europe. One of the mansion's many unusual features is a "Jacob's Ladder," an outside stairway of Doria rock leading to the second floor.

Walls and ceilings of the halls, stairs and tower are covered with costly Cruzon stone. The living room has walls and ceilings of Doria rock, and a floor of Cresoto stone.

Poux, the new owner of all this that big money, at one time, could afford to build, is a manufacturer of plastic pipe. Poux (rhymes with socks) naturally paid only a fraction of the mansion's original cost for it. The sales price was rumored to be around $250,000.

For Poux, a hard-headed businessman, inventor and engineer (Penn State), the big house will not be a home. He says he bought it "because I liked it. I can spot value when I see it, and it doesn't take me long to make up my mind." He decided on the purchase overnight while on a visit here, then followed the purchase with a lease of some Seaside industrial property for a manufacturing and warehousing branch of his plastic pipe company.

He will use the mansion as a place to stay when he drops in on his new West Coast Branch, to entertain businessmen, and to put up his specialists and executives when they come to this part of the country. Already he has taken two bedrooms in the mansion, turned one into a drafting room and the other into an office. These two rooms now have the incongruous look of efficiency that chambers in European castles had when taken over by the U.S. Army during the war.

Poux, a short and stocky ex-football player who says he works 16 hours a day "mostly designing and creating things" and holding business conferences, spends most of his time in these two rooms or else in the mansion's big living hall which he is fixing up in the military theme, with medieval armor hung on the walls, French and American rifles stacked in the corners and even a couple of World War I machine guns here and there.

"It's going to be a real man's room," says the Verdun veteran who was Pershing's radio operator and taught Hap Arnold and George Marshall the workings of a shortwave set. With his wife, Marguerite, Poux also occasionally watches television in a bedroom that has been converted into a sitting room.

Now 60, Poux was Talon's zipper wizard until he started his plastics operation in 1942. He invented many of the things that make zippers zip, and he still serves as a consultant to the big zipper company whose headquarters are in Meadville, Pa. His own company, Skyline Industries, has its main plant in nearby Titusville, Pa., and he has homes in both of these cities. His only son, Richard, 26, who is vice-president of Skyline Industries, lives in Titusville, did most of his soldiering at Fort Ord.

Poux, who had visited his son here, became interested in the Monterey Peninsula as a branch site through the efforts of Louis Peradotto, executive director of Monterey County Industrial Development, Inc., and George Dovolis, Monterey realtor. It is as yet too early to tell how much influence Poux's move will have on the economic life of the area.

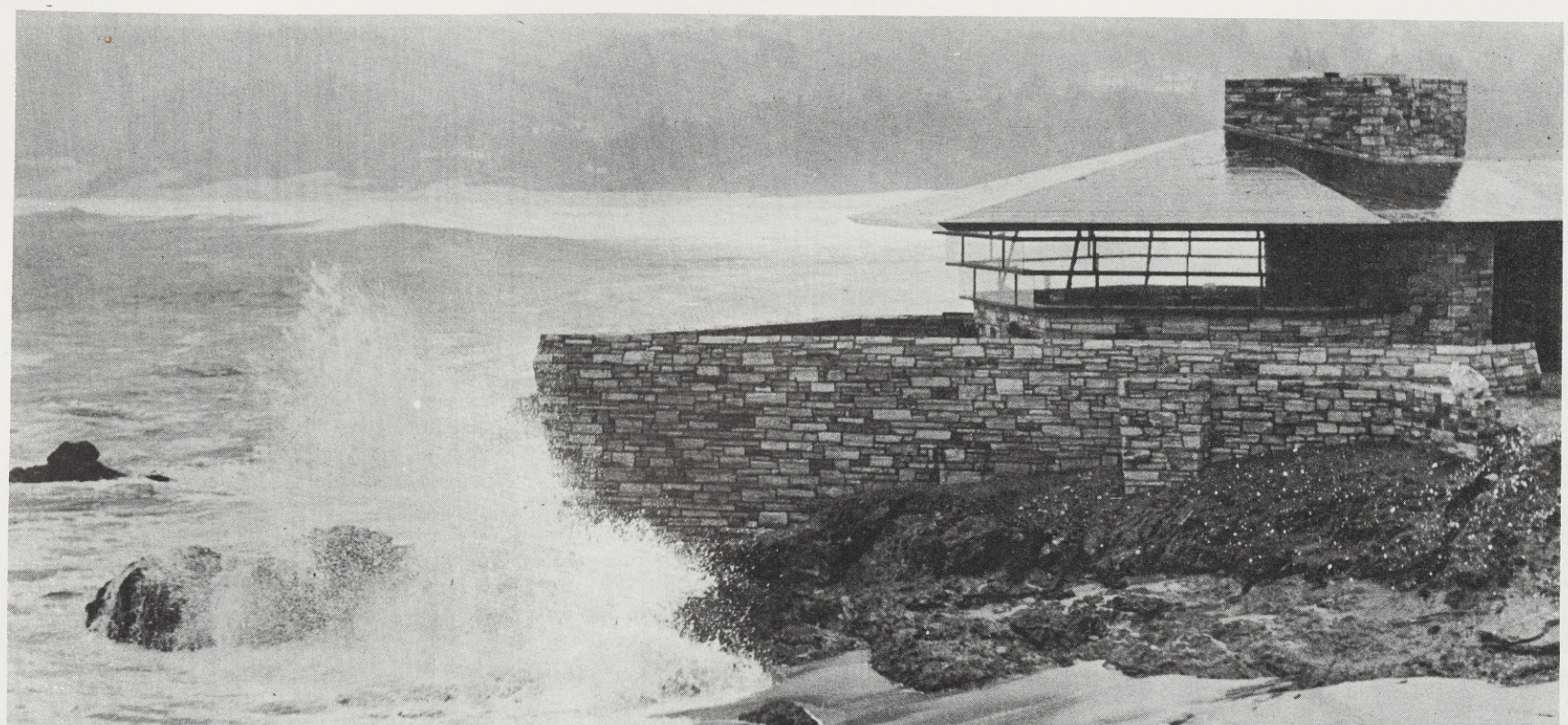
A "modest" operation, he says, will mark the beginnings of his branch in Seaside, scheduled to start rolling this month. The operation, for which he leased the DeMaria Bros. building in Canyon Del Rey that used to house the Monterey Supply Company, "will grow according to the needs of the business," he says. "There's room for expansion if West Coast business warrants it."

Poux, whose small black eyes glint shrewdly out of a square, rugged face, looks like a man who can tell what business warrants from what it doesn't.

"My only hobby," he says, "is making money. I was one of the country's first radio hams. I went for that hobby in a big way. I had a set on which I could receive Admiral Byrd's messages from the South Pole right at home in Meadsville. I was at it for years.

"Then one day I read an article on 'profitable hobbies' and I found out that my hobby was one of those that never made any money, only cost money. I sold every bit of equipment I had right then and there. Since then, business has been my only hobby." ***

IN SHARP CONTRAST to the old world flavor of the mansion is the electrically heated swimming pool. Former owners, the George Harts, also installed a radiant heated beach.



FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT'S

Blend of Stone and Sea

STEPPED-OUT LIVING ROOM WINDOWS are probably the most talked-about feature of the Frank Lloyd Wright designed home on Carmel's Scenic drive (above). Rocks and breakers stretch below the living room windows (below) to the west while northward windows look out on sweep of Carmel Beach. Couch that lines window wall is built-in feature and part of home's original design. Sectional table also was specially constructed. Opposite page, patio adjoins long, large-windowed hallways of home's bedroom wing. Below, like the prow of a ship, the house points out to sea. When waves run high during storms, breakers splash against the ramparts of the terrace.

"I want a house," Mrs. Clinton Walker wrote to her old friend, Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, "as durable as the rocks and as transparent as the waves."

Her phrase captured Wright's imagination. For almost five years the octogenarian "dean" of American architects worked on and off on Mrs. Walker's challenge. The result was a home that, since its completion in 1952, has been one of the show places of the Monterey Peninsula.

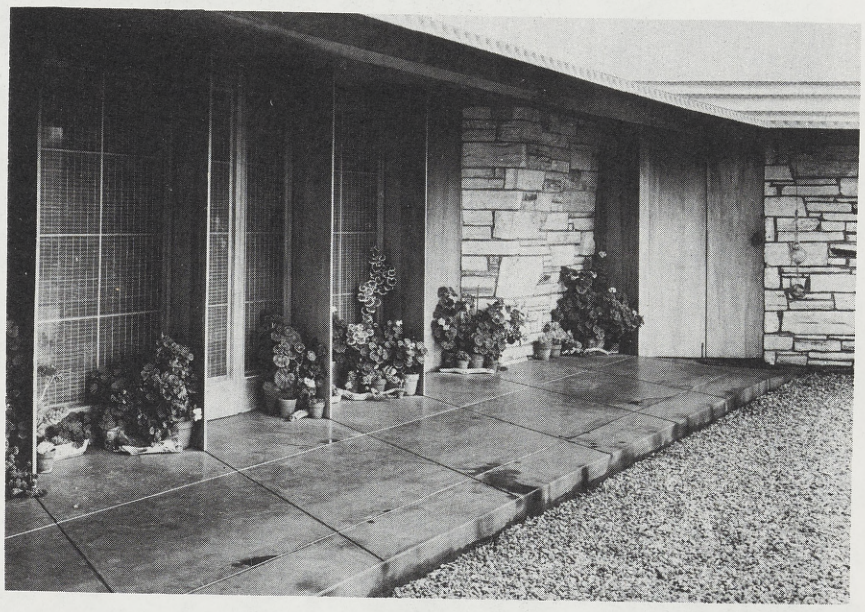
Mrs. Walker's Wright-designed house clings to a rocky battlement on the south end of Carmel's white horse-shoe beach. Thousands of tourists, taking the almost mandatory ride along Scenic Drive, have stopped their cars nearby to get a better look at it.

They are impressed not only by its enviable location and its over-all design that makes it a fitting man-made complement to its natural surroundings. They are intrigued by its unique features, especially its stepped-out living room windows, its prow-shaped terrace and its agua-green roof of naked enamel shingles.

Although Mrs. Walker's first, dream-like specification inspired Wright to design a home for her, her later, more conventional suggestions almost made him abandon the project at one point. "You don't need me," he told her, "if you want a house looking like a hen where a seagull ought to be." So Mrs. Walker let Wright have his way, a way that has made him a legendary figure even within his lifetime.

Mrs. Walker is happy that Wright proved her wrong because she loves the house, and she has repeated the hen-seagull quote to many acquaintances. It is this story that originated a wide-spread local belief that the home is supposed to represent a seagull. "That's wrong," says Mrs. Walker, a trim, white-haired, matter-of-fact widow, "it's not supposed to represent anything except what it is: a house."

ea on Carmel Beach



It's not a big house: just 1,200 square feet, but big enough with its three bedrooms for Mrs. Walker, her full-time maid and her visiting children, grandchildren and guests. Mrs. Walker spends only part of each week in Carmel, the rest mostly in her San Francisco apartment.

The house, she finds, would be "too small to live in all the time," a strictly subjective observation. It is a fact, however, that due to the large number of different rooms, the sizes of the individual rooms have suffered. The bedrooms, much like small cabins on an ocean liner, are for bed time and not much else, and the living room would be almost oppressively small if, visually, it didn't take in the entire sweep of Carmel Bay from Pebble Beach to the north and a good chunk of open sea to the west.

In addition to the bedrooms are three bathrooms, two with showers and one with tub; a compact kitchen, separated from the living room by a folding screen type door; several closets and a "gallery" —a passageway along the bedroom wing.

The house is protected against ocean glare by an over-sized roof of about 3,000 square feet that also covers the carport and projects over the edge of the walls for six feet in most places.

In the design, Wright wholly departed from the conventional four-cornered concepts of rooms. There isn't a square corner in the house. The culmination of this dynamic approach is in the hexagonal living room which is dominated by a triangular fireplace. The shape of the fireplace, like the shape of the terrace, is reminiscent of a ship's prow. The fireplace and terrace triangles are on the same axis.

The stepped-out windows, leading up to the wide roof overhang above the terrace, do not open. Ventilation for the living room is provided by sliding louvres that are hidden from view by up-tilted window ledges.

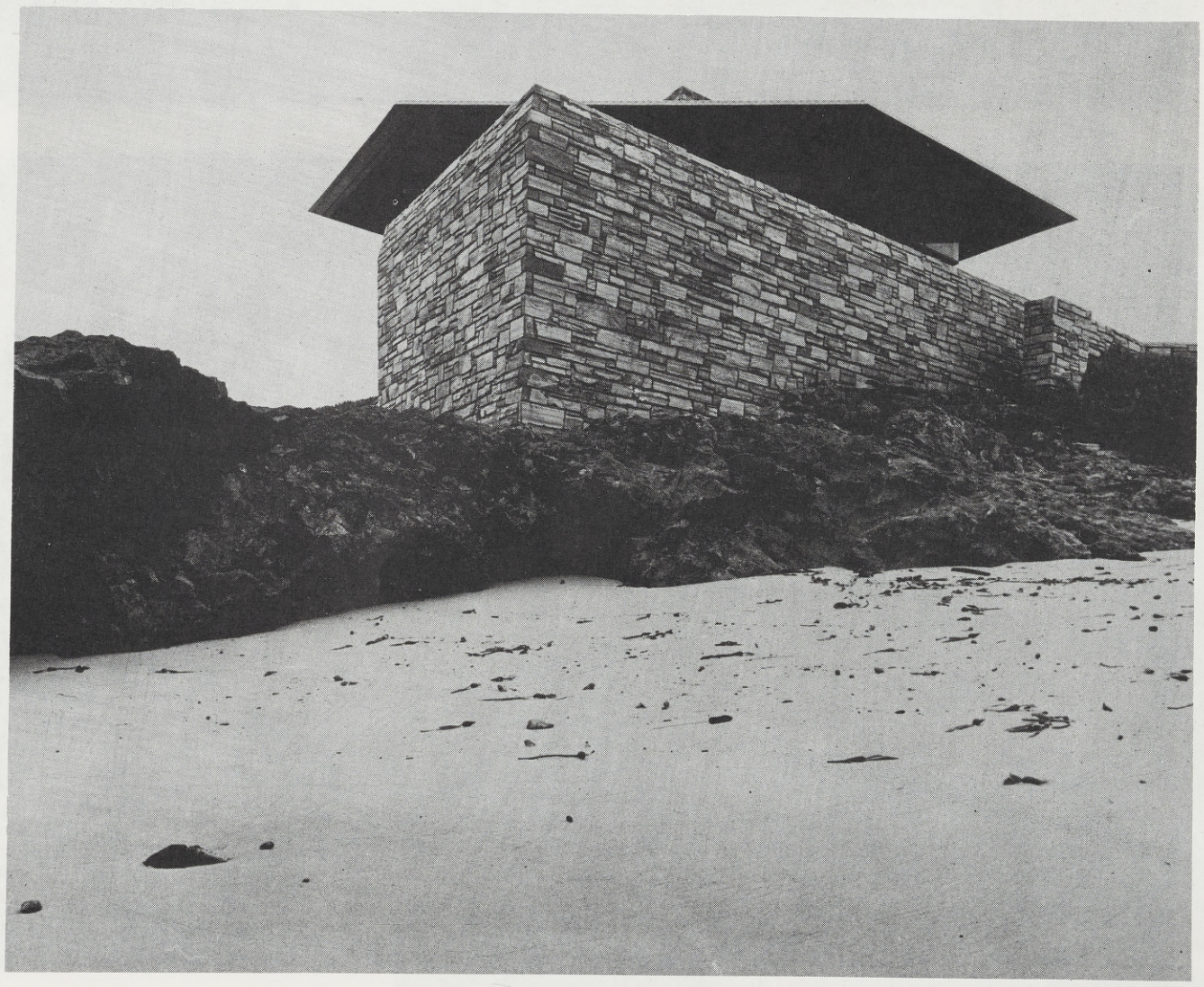
The home's construction is of Carmel stone, supplemented by combed cedar plywood on interior walls and ceilings. This wood came from the mills of Mrs. Walker's son in Susanville.

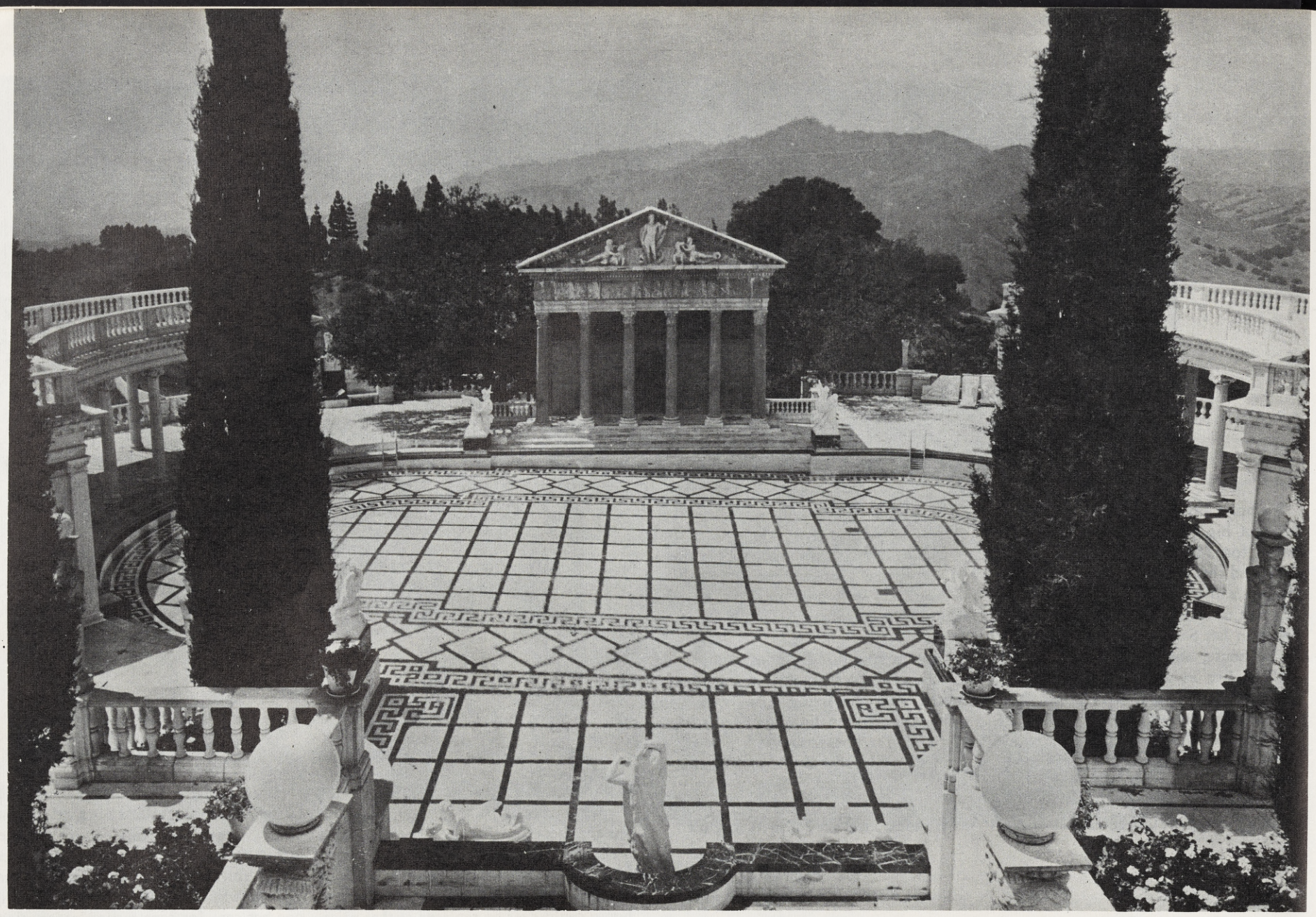
Heating is by radiant floor units, and it is illustrative of the home's tight and well-insulated construction that Mrs. Walker's PG&E bills never run more than $10 a month, considerably less than in many smaller homes.

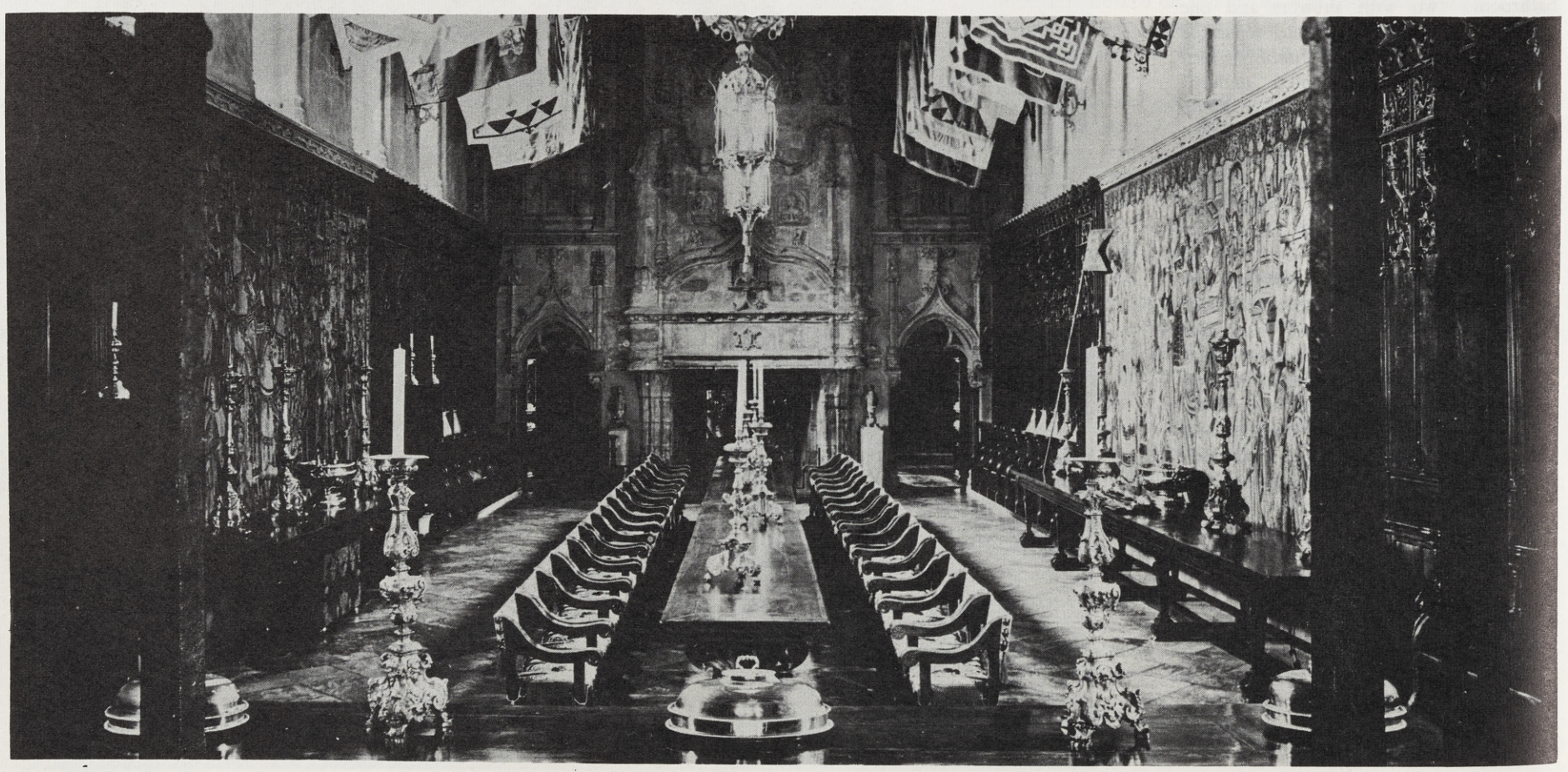
Built-in furniture includes vanities and desks in bedrooms as well as seats and a couch along the living room view windows. Odd-angled dining table was specially built for house, as was a nest of six triangular tables by Brutens of Monterey. Mrs. Walker added only a few pieces—mostly chairs—and decorative items (such as Japanese fish net balls) of her own.

How much did the house cost? This is a question Mrs. Walker says she can't answer because she didn't really keep track of it. She says, however, that it is insured for $25,000, "which I think is enough." It's doubtful, however, that the house could ever be replaced at that price.

It is interesting to note here that Wright's services, in this instance at least, come cheaper than those of many other architects in that he does not charge expenses for traveling to and from the site. His fee was a flat 10 per cent, including one per cent for construction supervision.







Monarch of Castles

HEARST'S SAN SIMEON

Some 90 miles south of Carmel where the stately Santa Lucia Mountains level out toward the sea, stands a fantastic monument to the biggest accumulator in U. S. history.

Back some six miles from Highway 1, on a hill that rises 200 feet above sea level, looms an incredible Moorish castle graced by towers of an imported Spanish Cathedral.

It is the "Arabian Nights" dream, San Simeon, of William Randolph Hearst.

Costing upwards of twenty-five million to build, it represents the philosophy and personality of a man who once bossed the United States' biggest publication chain.

When death came in 1951, Mr. Hearst still ruled a tremendous empire, but it was nowhere near the heyday that afforded the luxury of amassing San Simeon.

The ingredients of the "camp" as Hearst called San Simeon came from the ends of the earth. The ceilings of La Casa Grande, the main house, were ripped out of the castles of Europe, often while foreign governments intervened without avail to prevent their Hearst liberation.

The three guest houses packed with historical possessions of a dozen kings, including Cardinal Richelieu's bed, house 150 guests at a bedding.

The outdoor swimming pool of imported Carrara marble, with a genuine Grecian bath house, is big enough to sail a large boat in. An indoor pool with gold leaf sprouting from its marble tiles is fed with heated sea water pumped in from the ocean six miles distant.

The great hall of the main palace is walled with choir stalls from French and Italian renaissance monasteries.

A half million dollars was spent on Gobelin tapestries for walls. Flowers nod from $8000 Egyptian urns. A fortune went for imported trees for the garden. There are libraries, a theater and a bowling alley.

Near the castle a zoo of animals imported from Africa to India was kept. To the north is a sanctuary for Hearst herds of bison, zebra and kangaroos. Some of these still grace the lands of the "Ranch."

Still uncrated and rusticating on the palatial grounds are an English manor house and a castle imported two decades ago.

Under the main house is a two acre basement, which also housed Hearst's priceless antiques.

To the enormity of San Simeon's buildings can be added a cattle ranch and upwards of 100,000 acres. At the height of the Hearst acretion it totalled 240,000 acres with 50 miles of ocean front. But with World War II over 100,000 acres, now the Hunter Liggett Military Reservation, was sold to the government.

To build the sprawling palaces of San Simeon in today's income tax age would be inconceivable. The construction alone would run into astronomical figures. San Simeon and its continual modifications by Hearst were built in the latter twenties and early thirties. At this time Hearst was reputedly worth about $220,000,000.

His publication chain included 28 newspapers, 13 national magazines, 8 radio stations, 2 cinema companies. In addition there was $41,000,000 of New York real estate, 2 million acres of land in the U. S. and Mexico and a score of profitable mines in the West and in South America.

The Hearst heirs have kept the San Simeon castle pretty much as it was when Hearst lived. Some art items were sold along with other antique objects of Hearst's

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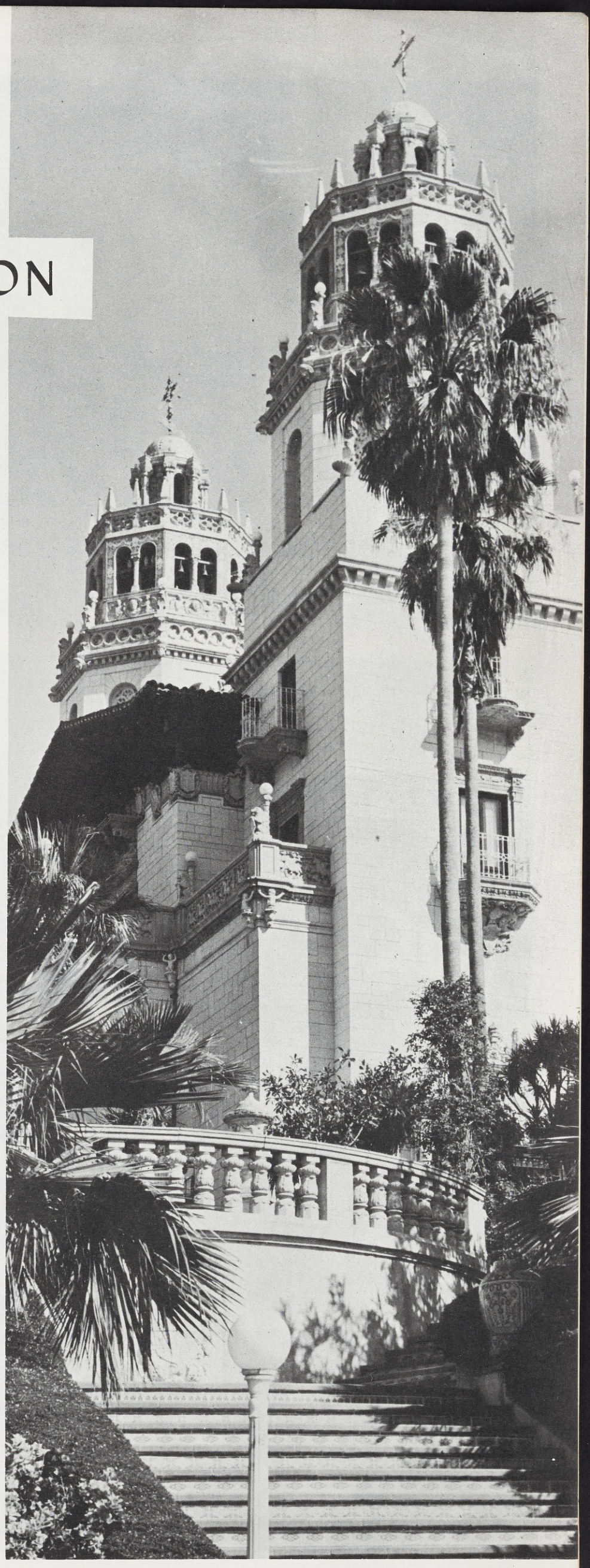
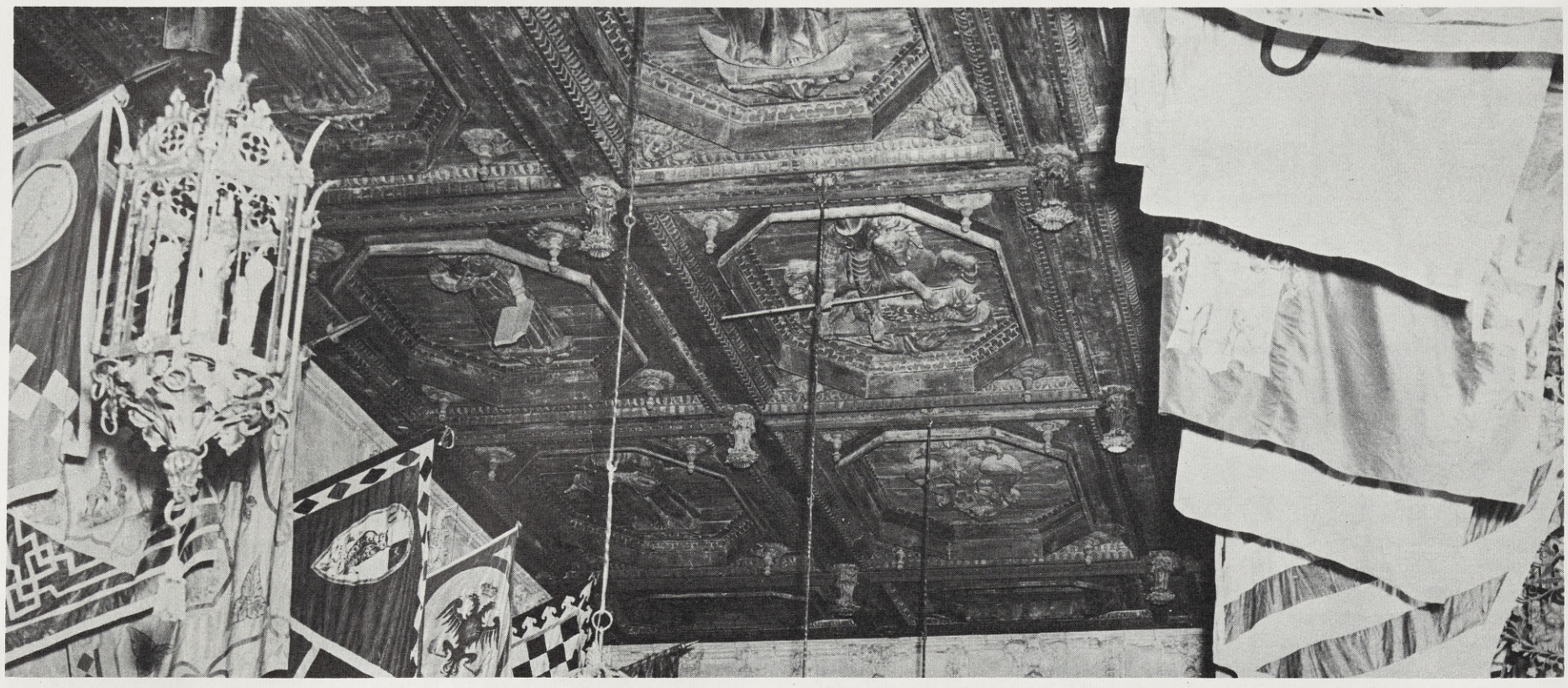


The twin towers of La Casa Grande, San Simeon's main house, can be seen for miles along Coast Highway 1. They were imported from a Spanish Cathedral.

Opposite page shows gigantic swimming pool of Carrara marble. Strip shows herd of Zebras grazing. Dining hall's table is from a 16th century Italian monastery; priceless Gobelin tapestries are on wall. Gothic fireplace is from Chateau du Jour, France. It was dismantled during the French Revolution. Sienese festival banners hang from walls. Carved wall rests, at right angles to fireplace, are 16th century originals, designed for knights to rest their heavily armored bodies as they stood guard in ancient castles.

San Simeon photos by Edwin Shannon



Top picture shows ceiling of dining room with Sienese festival banners of the 16th century.

Below is Cardinal Richelieu's bed.

(Continued from Page 5)

collections elsewhere.

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Following Hearst's death, there was some discussion of giving the castle and 20 adjoining acres as a park to the State of California in exchange for taxes.

The State Legislature passed a resolution to accept the castle as a gift when tendered. The tax angle, however, turned out as infeasible.

There have been no recent developments, according to a Hearst spokesman. Hearst officials are reluctant to state their plan for publication.

Chances are today it would take an outright purchase of the property by the State.

In the past few years the Hearst sons and Hearst executives have found the castle to their liking. It furnishes an excellent place to entertain dignitaries.

Should something eventually materialize, there is little doubt that it would become a major tourist attraction. A park development would also assure rapid expansion of the tiny village of San Simeon into a principal California resort.

The village, originally built as a port to bring in Hearst's wares, lies across the highway from the entrance to the ranch. Its sparse population is made up of a few fishermen and Hearst employees.

What lots are available have long since been purchased by shrewd speculators, including Carmel realtors.

• • •

Just when Hearst decided to build San Simeon is not known. The original ranch property he inherited. His father, Senator George Hearst, made the first acquisition of the Spanish Grant property in 1865. By 1870 its acreage totaled 40,000 acres.

Hearst spent a good deal of time there as a boy. His father's house still stands on the property. By 1915 his interest in the property seems to have been renewed and he frequently held big camping vacations there. Huge tent houses were erected.

Some say that the night fog was responsible for the construction of San Simeon. Hearst, an inveterate lover of movies, had a movie shown each night outside. The fog interfered.

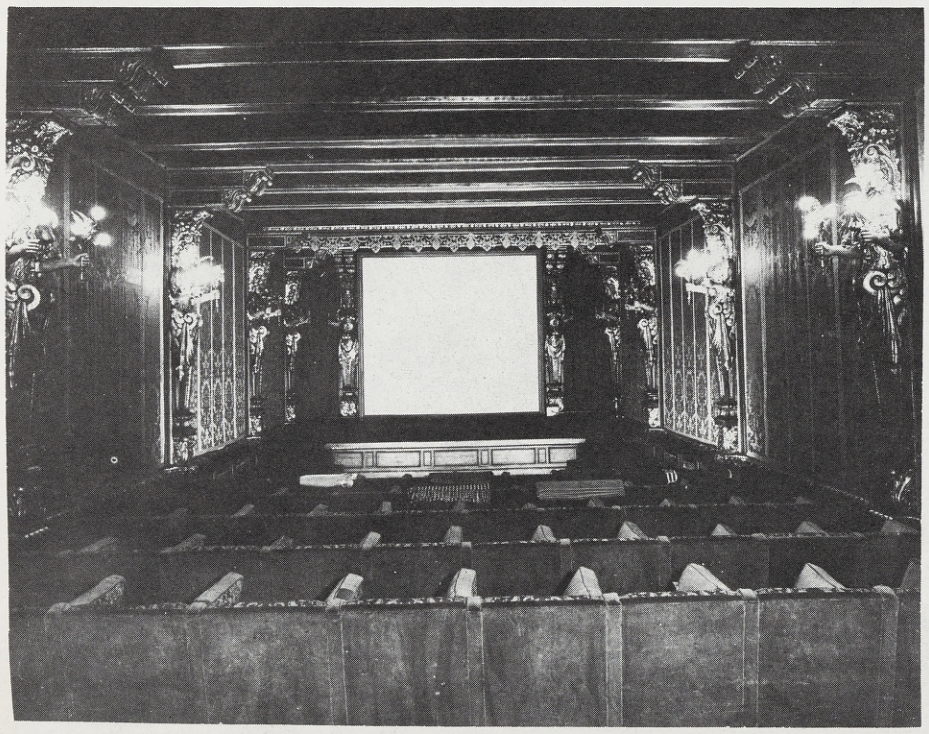
In 1922, three years after the death of his mother, Phoebe Appearson Hearst, who left him eight million dollars, Hearst called in San Francisco Architect Julia Morgan.

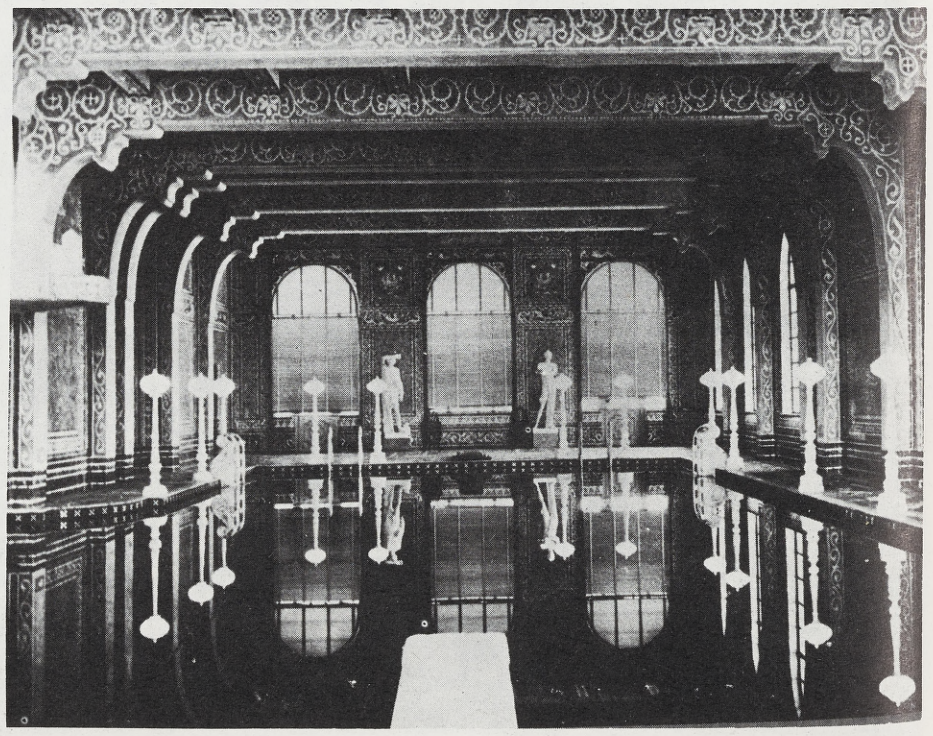
From then through the early thirties, construction was almost continual.

(Continued on Page 11)

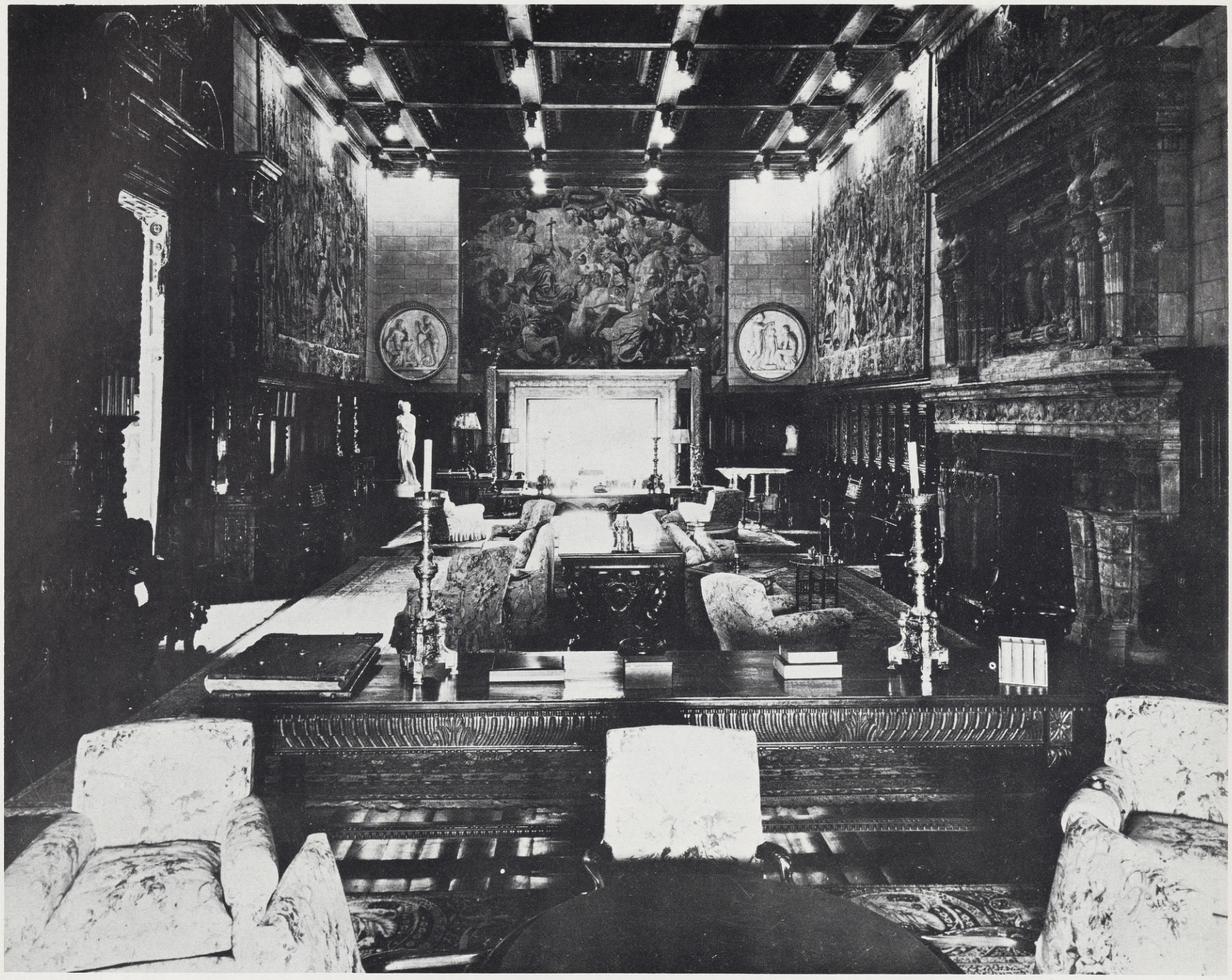
One of the three guest houses and a typical guest bedroom are shown here. Typical guest suite include two bedrooms, a sitting room, and two bathrooms. Three guest cottages can accommodate 150 guests.

Above is the game room; below the theater and the indoor swimming pool. The latter is supplied with ocean water piped six miles and heated. Opposite page is a library.





Size of imported Corinthian bathhouse is shown by photo on right.



On this page are two views of the Great Hall of the three story main house. Photo on right is another view of the outdoor swimming pool.

Hearst's San Simeon

(Continued from page 6)

Work was done from clay models, but many times after construction was started or even after it was finished Hearst decided to start anew. In some cases this was occasioned by the arrival of some new ceiling or treasure that had to be fitted in.

Originally the main building was to be two stories high. One day Hearst climbed up to the top to see a foreman and caught the magnificent view of the sea.

"This will be my bedroom." he decided. The foreman shook his head, said: "But Mr. Hearst, this is the roof, the imperial suite is just below."

"Well, add another story and call it the celestial suite," Hearst ordered.

Hearst was a great lover of trees. In addition to importing and planting a Sequoia forest, that will come of age a couple of hundred years from now, he ordered that no trees be destroyed.

In one case $40,000 was spent to move a giant redwood so that a path could curve properly. It was achieved by making a huge excavation and sliding the tree in a gigantic concrete flower box.

Despite the grandeur of the place, Hearst insisted that a ranch atmosphere be maintained. For instance, paper napkins were used in the great Dining Hall and bottles of ketchup stood alongside priceless 17th century candlesticks. Liquor was plentiful, but not allowed in the guests' rooms. These customs are still maintained today.

In the mid-thirties Hearst seemed tired of San Simeon and began rebuilding the Bavarian castle "Wyntoon" near Shasta, California.

The building of San Simeon closely parallels the personality characteristics evident in his publication interests.

For more than a half century after Senator Hearst gave his banjo-playing son enough money to buy the San Francisco Examiner, Hearst never stopped building and buying publications. The only one that he ever sold was the *Fort Worth Record.*

Some were started or bought as an excuse or whim, or for political or other reasons.

Possibly the most significant philosophy that shows up in Hearst's glittering San Simeon and his other enterprises was that money was something to be used, not invested to make more money.

Although Hearst proved to the publication field that outside money could help build publications, there is no doubt that he was a genius in his own right. His mother sold $8,000,000 of Anaconda stock at the turn of the century, so that Hearst could start the *New York Journal.*

Publications under his close supervision paid off handsomely. In the magazine field alone *Good Housekeeping* twenty years ago was regarded as the most valuable magazine property in the United States.

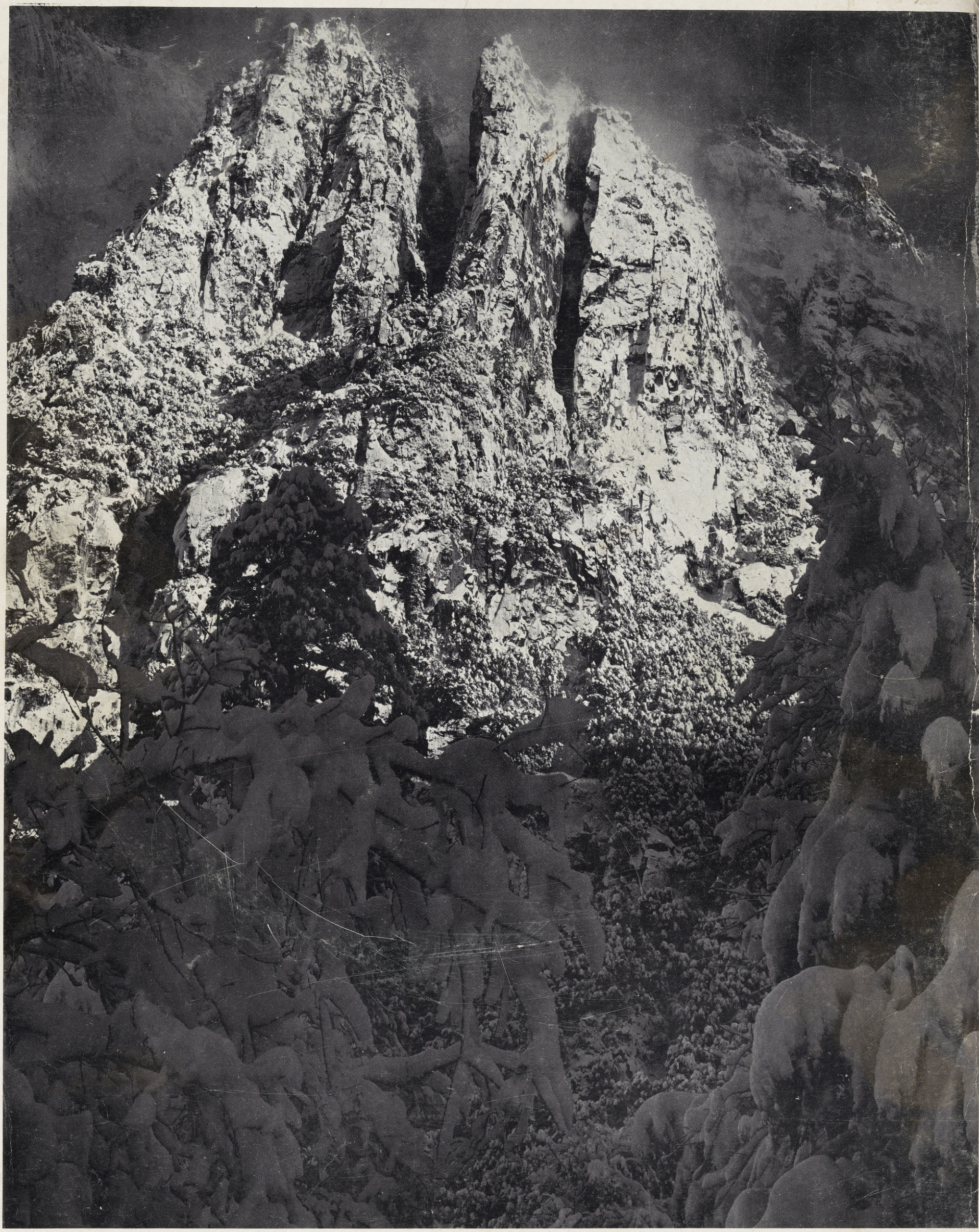
He demonstrated individuality whether people agreed with him or not and had an unfailing eye to pick able publishers and managing editors. Most of these came from the editorial side of the business.

This basic Hearst precept is more and more ignored today both by his own and other publications, with the business office more and more occupying the central stage.

MONTEREY BAY. Photo by Wynn Bullock

Old Fisherman's Wharf, Monterey

Photos by Wynn Bullock



See Half Century of Photography

Edward Weston's Yosemite